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R. BAYLIS, Secretary.

7, Tything, Worcester, 8th May 1857.

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THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MAY is over, and we are once more in the height of the London season; a mad whirl of May meetings and "Traviatas," Spurgeon preachings and the Derby-day, concerts, flower-shows, exhibitions, routes, lectures, and what not. The publishers, too, are busy at work catering for the insatiable lust after novelty which is ever the characteristic of the popular appetite. If one thing fails another succeeds, and so there is a balance with a profit at the end. To those who are bold enough to assert that the English are a grave and are not a versatile people, we recommend a perusal of those columns of the *Times* which announce the amusements and the literary novelties, and if they do not rise from the task overwhelmingly impressed with the immense machinery and inexhaustible resources which are at work for finding amusement and instruction for the public mind, they must be as unimpressible as Sir CHARLES GOLDSTREAM.

It has been announced that a new movement is in contemplation for the purpose of organising a better system of education for the people. A conference is to be held at Willis's Rooms, and Prince Albert is to take the chair. The main point to which the attention of the meeting is to be directed will be that early removal of children from school which is held by the Government inspectors to be one great reason why the quantum of education provided is so comparatively inoperative for good. To consider how best to remedy this will be the first object of the conference; the second will be to institute inquiries respecting education in foreign countries; the third, to consider the expedients which have been proposed for keeping the children of the working classes longer at school; and the fourth, to inquire into the merits of such expedients as shall be proposed for the consideration of the conference, and particularly those known as half-time schemes. Clergymen, magistrates, employers of labourers, and all having experience in these matters are invited to attend or communicate what they know. The conference will be held on the 23rd of this month, and, we doubt not, will be very largely attended.

The dinner of the Royal Literary Fund took place on the 20th inst., at the Freemason's Tavern, with more than the usual enthusiasm. The reporters for the evening press state that "all the chief *literati* of the metropolis were present; but a close examination of the list enables us to discover only three well-known literary names;—namely, Mr. THACKERAY, Mr. JUSTICE HALLIBURTON, Mr. ARTHUR HELPS. Colonel HAMLEY may, perhaps, be allowed to take brevet rank as a literary man, by virtue of his Crimean volume; but malice itself could hardly class Mr. TUPPER among "the chief *literati* of the metropolis." Are these, really, all the eminent literary men we have among us. Seems to us that we have heard of a few more—of one DICKENS, but he is at loggerheads with the Royal Literary Society; of one CARLYLE—but tea is the meal which he most prefers; of one MACAULAY—but he is ill; and even of a TENNYSON—but he (at least so JENKINS tells us, among the fashionable intelligence) has "removed to his seat, at the Isle of Wight." Well, let the little flourish about "the eminent *literati* pass." The truth is, there were few literary men there at all, and the major part of the company consisted of the very useful tribes of publishers and general dabblers in literature. Lord GRENVILLE was to have presided, but was prevented by his legislative duties—certainly not a very grave or respectful excuse for breaking a long-standing engagement; so the meeting had to take the Right Honourable WILLIAM FRANCIS COWPER as his *pis aller*. The Honourable COWPER is a step-son of Lord PALMERSTON's, and has about as much to do with literature as his Lordship himself. Like all younger sons of good interest, he has "in his time played many parts;" for he has been a soldier, Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, Lord of the Treasury, Lord of the Admiralty, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department, and President of the Board of Health. In fact, as they say in Ireland, he is up to everything and a trifle to spare. So they

made him Chairman of the Literary Fund celebration; and there he proved his relationship to the stars by having "neither speech nor language." Nothing could be got from him but "the usual patriotic toasts;" not even a blunt, soldierly, ungrammatical speech, like that which they had to listen to last year. And this is what the aristocratic propensities of the governing body of the Literary Fund have brought them to at last. Only a year ago we warned them of it, and advised them to keep within their own sphere and put a real man of letters in the chair. Will they be wiser next year? No; not while there is flexibility in the human back. They must have a Lord, though they die for it. And if they can't get a live Lord they must have a Right Honourable. But for a consolation there was SAM SLICK, whose health was what HOOK would call "uproariously drunk," in connection with a queer toast about "the literature of the colonies"—which failed not to draw forth one of SAM's inimitable waggeries. He couldn't return thanks for the literature of the Colonies, because the Colonies hadn't got a literature; they hadn't got one, and they didn't want one. They were too free to have one. Why should they be fettered with rules of grammar and parts of speech? Throw literature to Oxford and Cambridge: Canada would have none of it. The Colonies had to dig, and delve, and make the chips fly, and wanted nothing but a few books like his own rough-and-ready pieces of jocosity; and much more to the same merry purpose. But as the chairman couldn't speak, Mr. THACKERAY had, perforce, to speak for him; and being always ready to oblige a right honourable, and never very poor in that commodity called words, he—being a literary man himself—very appropriately got up to propose, in another form, that time-honoured toast, "Our noble selves." Altogether, the evening passed off in a remarkably jolly, free-and-easy sort of way; the last thing which our private reporter remembers being, the spectacle—in the dim haze of the expiring gas-lights—of Mr. THACKERAY and the Prince of Oude vowing eternal friendship; but whether this was a stern fact, or the vision of a distempered fancy, we have not been able very clearly to ascertain. The mention of the King of Oude reminds us that that highly-civilised patron of literature made his appearance after the cloth was drawn, attended by a crowd of neuters in coats sufficiently bedecked with tinsel to give our old friend JENKINS the opportunity of bringing up once more his familiar reference to "barbaric pomp and gold." Did the eminent *literati*, who afterwards drank his health so cordially, know what that meant? Why, that this most religious of monarchs was observing the precept of his creed, which forbids him to eat meat with Christian dogs. Now, that may be a very good principle in its way; only in future, when the King of Oude won't come and cut his mutton with Christian gentlemen, don't let him sneak in with the dessert.

The fictitious woes of CŒLEBS in search of a wife were nothing to the real sorrows of the bachelor Fellows of Cambridge. Here is a circular, in which some three dozen of them (claiming to represent three hundred more) favour us with their opinion that the enabling Fellows to marry is a measure "calculated to augment the influence and extend the utility of the Colleges and University of Cambridge." As our readers are aware, this is no new question. We have before expressed our opinion upon whether or not the very end and intention of a Fellowship is not altogether opposed to married life; whether it would be desirable to transform Alma Mater into an Agapemone; and whether Trinity cloisters would be at all improved by turning it into a resort for perambulators in the summer. For our part, we are of opinion that great good would be effected by shortening instead of lengthening the tether of a fellowship. The constant infusion of new blood into the governing body of the University, and the keeping up a fresh supply of these prizes to excite competition among students; such are the great benefits to be derived from fellowships. What good to the University (or to any one else) is the occupant of a lay-fellowship, who is content to drone all the best of his life upon 300*l.* a year, and the bachelor luxuries of a college life? Now the great benefit of keeping Cupid outside the college gates is, that the clever young Fellows, who are anxious to marry and get on in the world, soon find out their road in life, and so they

throw down their fellowships and haste to follow the merry little god. Once let the rascal in, and it is impossible to tell how many hopeful careers he will be the means of stopping.

Lady BELWAS, whose really silly and unteachable novel has been puffed into a notoriety which it would never have obtained of itself by the efforts of her enemies to suppress it, has managed to catch the public ear upon another matter connected with her wrongs. It appears that she sent a packet of manuscript to Lord LYNDBURST, which being written in too small a character for that gallant champion of distressed ladies to decipher with facility, was straightway laid by without perusal. By and by came a request for the return of the "rejected communication," and the parcel was straightway handed over to his Lordship's porter, with directions to give it up when called for. Somehow or other, the parcel is lost. A very simple transaction, surely; and, one which, if it had happened between plain Mrs. HARRIS and Mr. SMITH, the lawyer, we should never have expected to hear of more. At any rate, we should never have expected to hear of it at the House of Lords; where, however, the ex-CHANCELLOR found it necessary to explain that he had made no improper use of the papers. Next comes a letter from Lady BELWAS, hinting at some dark fraud or conspiracy by which the papers had been surreptitiously attracted into wrong hands. And this reminds us that the same lady, or some one of her friends, has lately accused the whole press of conspiring in favour of her husband, and to her downfall, by abusing the novel "Very Successful." The criticisms which have condemned this book for various reasons are not genuine expressions of opinion, but the results of an immense conspiracy to decry the merit of a really excellent work. Does Lady BELWAS seriously believe this? If so, she must either be very weak in judgment, or she has been grievously misinformed as to the true constitution of the press. Such a combination as has been hinted at is impossible, for the very simple reason that different journals are too much opposed to each other ever to act in unison. But, in truth, we believe that this is only another expedient for puffing what is really a very poor production.

One word more with the "Neophyte Writers' Society." Their secretary, Mr. JAMES DRAKE, has addressed to us a letter, charging us with an "ungenerous breach of confidence," in that we divulged the fact of his having previously applied to us for the addresses of several gentlemen whose names appeared upon the programme as "councillors." Softly, good Mr. DRAKE! We have broken no confidence, because we have never (so far as we are aware) received your confidence. You wrote to us as a public journal, and as a public journal we have dealt with you. You invited our opinion, and we gave it to you frankly. You did not like it, and you told us as much with equal candour. When you tell us that our opinion is bad, we can only reply, with MOLIÈRE'S *Misanthrope*, "Pour le trouver ainsi vous avez vos raisons." But, when, among other irrelevant arguments, you endeavoured to convince us of the soundness of your scheme, by pointing with pride to the "numerous influential journalists and men of letters" whose names were upon your council, then we asked (as we contend we had every right to do), Why, then, if these gentlemen are really upon your council, and are taking a substantial interest in your proceedings, do you apply to us to furnish you with their addresses? And to this we have not, as yet, received any reply.

Some very short time back the readers of the daily press were horrified with some disgusting particulars as to the management of a young ladies' seminary in a suburban district near town; whereby it appeared that the parents of a quantity of poor children, having been entrapped by some specious nonsense wrapped up in stilted fustian, were deluded into the belief that their offspring could have all luxuries of home, combined with sound education, religious, moral, and intellectual, for some ridiculously small sum per quarter. The result, as might have been anticipated, was, that one of the poor children died from insufficient food, and the rest were found to be in a state too terrible to think of. Now, we do not mean to assert that this is a general, or even anything but a very uncommon type of schools in the neighbourhood of the metropolis; on the contrary, we know perfectly well that there are many establishments which fairly and creditably fulfil all the promises which are held out to parents: only we must say

that, whenever we meet with cant and fustian combined with remarkably low terms, we are apt to be very suspicious. This by way of introduction to a prospectus of a "Seminary for Young Ladies," which a correspondent has forwarded for our perusal, and which is really such a perfect gem in its way that, after striking out the names and addresses, we print it precisely as it reaches us:

Madam,—Urged by numerous friends to resume the tuition of Young Ladies, I beg to inform you, I intend, aided with the assistance of — to open the above school on the — of — next, when I trust to meet with your patronage and recommendation.

The system generally adopted by most to whom the care of young children are confided, seldom devote that attention to the rudimental branches of Education so necessary for their future advancement, thereby seriously retarding the progress of the pupil.

Practical observations of this oversight has induced me to give especial care thereto, which united with kind, yet firm treatment, as also a method of encouragement for attentive study, I have always found beneficial to those entrusted to my care and give general satisfaction to the parents.

Trusting to receive the favour of your support, I remain, Madam, Your very obedient, &c.

Appended to this is a notification that the terms are "from 10s. 6d. a quarter!"

Something very great is evidently preparing in the direction of Shoe-lane: one of the old ladies "who live in a shoe," namely, the *Standard*, is about to change her condition; witness an advertisement to the effect that on and after Monday the 15th of June, the *Standard* will become a first-class morning and evening newspaper, consisting of eight full-sized pages. The price is to be twopence. This looks liberal as to price; what will it be as to politics? To what strange uses do we come at last. Who would have predicted that the Conservative old *Standard* would ever become a twopenny paper? Another promised novelty in the press is announced by the advertisement of a new Conservative daily journal, to be called *The Englishman*, which is to make its appearance early in June. It looks as if the Conservatives have determined, after all, to make a fight of it.

A correspondent has kindly favoured us with the subjoined communication with reference to one or two points, in the first part of the Memoir of the Royal Society:—

27th May, 1857.

Sir,—I doubt if "Burlington House" ever were the home of the Cavendishes. It came into their possession only in 1753, on the death of Lord Burlington, whose daughter and heiress had married the 4th Duke of Devonshire a few years before. In 1790, when I first visited London, Devonshire House, on the same side of Piccadilly, was the family residence, and though fresh-looking, did not seem a new house. Lord Burlington's taste in architecture is well known. Both the house in London and the far-famed villa at Chiswick were designed by himself.

Lord Charles Cavendish (not Somerset), second son of the second Duke of Devonshire, was the father of Henry Cavendish, the distinguished natural philosopher—the same Lord Charles, I have no doubt, who obtained the medal in 1757.

The version of Charles the Second's trick of the fish which I have heard, states that, while the Society were in high debate on the cause of the phenomenon, Mr. Boyle entered, and, on being told the subject of discussion, said *flat experimentum*, which, of course soon settled the matter. Your obedient servant,
SENEC.

Mrs. GASKELL's "Life of Charlotte Brontë" has (as we anticipated) brought her into a sad scrape. The disgusting and unnecessary reference to an alleged private fact in BRAMWELL BRONTË's unhappy career, upon which we strongly animadverted when the book made its appearance, turns out after all to be a wretched lie. Mrs. GASKELL's excuse is, of course, that she has been deceived; but our argument at the time was that, even assuming the story to be true, she had no right to parade it in the manner she did. It was, and we have always said so, indecent and unfeminine; but to adopt it without positive proof to demonstration is a crime of even a deeper dye. A humiliating apology, through the medium of a solicitor has been given, and very magnanimously accepted by the lady who was so grievously injured by the shameful imputation cast upon her; we say magnanimously, because there can be no doubt that, in strict justice, Mrs. GASKELL ought to be compelled to recall every copy of her work; as far as that was possible, and to expunge the obnoxious passages. So long as one copy of that book is in its present state, so long will that lady be suffering from an unatoned injury. Mr. W. W. CARUS WILSON also complains bitterly of the injustice done to his father in Mrs. GASKELL's account of his father's charitable institution at Cowan Bridge, and forwards to us some extracts from a review which he wishes us to reprint. It is not usual to reprint extracts from reviews; but we simply state that the bearing of the extracts in question is to disprove the assertions hazarded by Mrs. GASKELL. There is yet another injured person in the field—the aged Mr. BRONTË, who (at least says Mr. CARUS WILSON) "feels deeply Mrs. GASKELL's remarks on his treatment of his children."

A literary inquest, held in the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society, for the purpose of examining the translations given in by certain experts in the Assyrian Cuneiform character, demonstrated the certainty to which the matter has arrived in a way that leaves no room for doubting the perfect good faith of those who profess to decipher these cabalistic characters. A long inscription of nearly a thousand lines was selected as a trial. Copies had been furnished to Sir HENRY RAWLINSON, Dr. HINCKS, Mr. FOX TALBOT, and Dr. OPPERT. The translations when made, were sent in under cover, and the inquest was for the purpose of testing their accuracy. After the seals had been broken and the translations examined, it was found that they all agreed sufficiently to prove that all the translators agreed as to the signification of the passage. Sir HENRY RAWLINSON's, however, was the only one which gave a full and perfect translation from the beginning to the end.

The annual apposition at St. Paul's School took place, according to ancient custom, on Wednesday the 27th ult. Exercises in Latin, Greek, French, and English, were duly delivered, and the reputation of Dean COLER's noble institution was fully sustained. The Head Master, Dr. KYNASTON, has been greatly praised for the enlightened liberality with which he has laboured to graft modern improvements upon the old system of education; and certainly this praise seems to a very great extent to be merited. We could wish, however, to see the noble donation of the late Lord TREBO, for founding an English Essay Prize, applied in a manner more likely to subserve the purpose of its donor than at present. No one can doubt that when that learned lawyer, who was himself so thoroughly versed in the use of language, founded a prize for English composition, he hoped that the authorities of the school would take the hint, by introducing into their educational system a course of training in that branch of knowledge. A school prize is, or should be, the award of excellence attained in consequence of some branch of the school system. Nothing can be more inconsistent than for a school to bestow a prize for that which it does not teach. But St. Paul's does not teach English composition; it teaches Latin and Greek, and French, and mathematics, but the mother tongue not at all. Why is this? Do the authorities suppose that English boys are so well acquainted with their language as to render instruction in that matter quite unnecessary? If so, we must take the liberty of informing them that they labour under a grievous mistake. Leaving boys out of the question, not one educated Englishman in ten can either speak or write his language with even decent accuracy; and the reason of this is the neglect of that branch of education in almost every public school. Mighty pains are taken to perfect the youthful scholar in the language of CICERO and DEMOSTHENES, and a false quantity or an inaccurate accent is visited with severity by the very master who misuses the Queen's English twenty times an hour. The masters, said we? Aye, the masters! Here, at the head of these very apposition exercises, are four lines of English prose proceeding from the pen of the Head-Master of St. Paul's, whose perfect Latinity is too well known to need a compliment here. Let the reader judge whether these four lines do not sufficiently prove that the English school-master is wanted among other persons than the boys at St. Paul's: "The High Master wishes it to be distinctly understood, that these exercises are printed without correction or addition of his, or the other Masters, or even the authors themselves, with the slightest possible exceptions, since the award of the prizes."

Among other rumours in the literary world, is one to the effect that PRINCE ALBERT's speeches are about to be collected and published under the auspices of the Society of Arts. Gossip also connects the name of Dr. PLAYFAIR with the editing of these splendid exertations.

L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE ARTS.

Notes on some of the principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy and the Society of Painters in Water Colours. No. III. 1857. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

MR. RUSKIN's pamphlet is now a thing to be as regularly expected every year as new potatoes, or the Exhibition of the Royal Academy itself. Everybody knows that this brilliant and eccentric critic, disdaining the newspapers and other ordinary channels of imparting his critical judgments to the public mind, has reverted to the old expedient of pamphleteering as the best way of delivering his strange but fascinating interpretations to his admirers. Both those who agree and those who do not agree with Mr. Ruskin look for his oracles with a curiosity which is not unnatural when we consider the contradictory and paradoxical theories which he has in turn brought forward, defended, and abandoned, as the shifting colours of his own bright fancy have changed and shifted kaleidoscope-fashion. And with all his contradictions and all his want of logic, Mr. Ruskin will be always welcome and always in-

structive. It is better to watch the aberrations of a great mind than to be compelled to listen to the platitudes of fools.

The most noticeable fact in Mr. Ruskin's pamphlet upon this year's exhibition is his treatment of Mr. Millais. Perhaps it would not be too much to assert that Mr. Ruskin has made Mr. Millais. As he discovered Turner, so he discovered Millais—pointing out qualities which no one so much as suspected until they were indicated by Mr. Ruskin's finger. Last year Mr. Ruskin was especially eloquent about this young Mabuse of the nineteenth century; but this year the note has changed. Listen to the sharp rebukings with which the critic chides the erewhile darling of his choice.

For Mr. Millais there is no hope, but in a return to quiet perfectness of work. I cannot bring myself to believe that powers were given to him only to be wasted, which are so great, even in their aberration, that no pictures in the Academy are so interesting as these, or can be for a moment compared with them for occasional excellence and marvellousness of execution. Yet it seems to be within the purpose of Providence sometimes to bestow great powers only that we may be humiliated by their failure, or

appalled by their annihilation; and sometimes to strengthen the hills with iron only that they may attract the thunderbolt. A time is probably fixed in every man's career, when his own choice determines the relation of his endowments with his destiny; and the time has come when the painter must choose, and choose finally, whether the eminence he cannot abdicate is to make him conspicuous in honour or in ruin.

Stern words these; but there are some who think that Mr. Millais deserves them, if only for his monstrous horse (the like of which was never exhibited in a van), and the clumsy device resorted to for concealing the blunder.

In his praise of some of the other pre-Raphaelites Mr. Ruskin is unbounded. "The principles established by the pre-Raphaelites (he says) are more frankly accepted, and more patiently put in practice." Mr. Dyce is "well done! and many times well done;" Mr. Carrick's "Thoughts of the Future" (135) is "quite faultless;" Mr. Hook's "Signal on the Horizon" is "the sweetest and most pathetic picture of an English boy that has been painted in modern times." We are surprised, however, that Mr. Ruskin has omitted to mention a picture which has been thought by

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some to be among the best examples of pre-Raphaelitism in the Exhibition—we refer to the "Sale of a Heart" by Mr. M. F. Halliday. That this gentleman is a disciple of Mr. Millais we need no ghost from the grave to tell us. The types are precisely similar, even to the very same snaky, pale-haired, hungry woman, whom Mr. Millais seems to have set up as the true realisation of the golden-haired Aphrodite. Yet there is immense power in this work of Mr. Halliday. The story is well told; the anguish of the girl, the smooth respectability of the guardian (let us hope it is not her father), the half-stupid self-satisfied look of the "oiled and curled Assyrian bull," who is to be the happy man, the business like indifference of the lawyer—add to this the exquisite finish of the details, the carpet, table-cloth, and the deeds and drafts which tell of heavy settlements. In one point we may perhaps be permitted a little hypercriticism. The girl has let fall some heartsease, and this is at once intelligible as one of these suggestive double-headed hints in which the Pre-Raphaelites love to deal. But there is snow upon the ground, visible through the windows. Now is this heartsease but a hothouse pansy? If so, 'tis no heartsease at all.

But to return to Mr. Ruskin: practical painters will derive no small amusement from the advice which he tenders to Mr. Rowbotham (page 54) upon the best ways of studying the laws of reflection in coloured water. You have nothing to do, says he, "but to dissolve a little Prussian blue in water in a white basin, and set a few rose leaves, and tulip leaves, and sticks floating in it, and he may study every change in hue and fantasy of reflection at his ease; afterwards applying the principles he thus ascertains to his boats, and oars, and awnings."

The Sunbeam: a Photographic Magazine. Edited by PHILIP H. DELAMOTTE, F.S.A. Part I. London: Chapman and Hall.

This is not a periodical dedicated to criticism on photography; it is a collection of rare products of the art. This first number contains four large folio photographs of exquisite beauty, accompanied by letterpress descriptions of the places represented.

The first is "A View in the Woods of Penllergare," a marvel of woodland scenery.

The second is "The Tournament Court in the Castle of Heidelberg," taken at a moment when the light permitted of all the architecture being strongly thrown out by a happy mingling of light and shade.

The third is "A View of Magdalen College, Oxford," from the Cherwell; but it is not so good as either of the others, for it was taken in too full a light. It wants relief; it is all glare. But the water is perfect.

The fourth is "A View of the Baptistery of Canterbury Cathedral," and is, in all respects, the best picture in this number. It is as good as anything we have ever seen. It is alone worth more than the price of all the four. For cheapness, as well as for interest and intrinsic beauty, this new periodical promises to be the most attractive of its contemporaries. We heartily commend it to the notice of all our readers.

MESSRS. WARR, the photographers, of 68, High Holborn, have with much ingenuity collected into an oval, seven inches by six, the portraits of 102 actors, actresses, and dramatic authors. These are photographed on a sheet and mounted on cardboard, and make a most amusing and presentable picture. The actors and actresses are drawn in their favourite characters—Miss Glyn as Lady Macbeth, Liston as Clown, &c.—and all the portraits are from acknowledged authorities. Shakspeare very appropriately occupies the centre of the picture.

Photographic Portraits of Living Celebrities, executed by Maull and Polyblank, Nos. IX. to XII. (London: 55, Gracechurch-street.)—The numbers for January to April of this interesting art serial contain portraits of E. M. Ward, R.A., Lord Campbell, George Cruikshank, and Rowland Hill. They are remarkable for fidelity and absence of exaggeration. We are very glad to observe much improvement in the short biographical notices which accompany the portraits; and we learn that the success of the series has brought a competitor into the field.

HISTORY.

Britannia Antiqua; or, Ancient Britain brought within the limits of authentic History. By the Rev. BEALE POSTE. London: J. Russel Smith. THE author of the work before us is already known to the antiquarian public as a writer upon Ancient British History and Antiquities. His first work, on the Coins of the Ancient Britons, did good service in laying before the public at

one view a considerable number of examples of this interesting coinage, and by bringing together a considerable body of information in illustration of them; although the conclusions which the author himself drew from his premises have not found much acceptance at the hands of learned archaeologists.

His next work is entitled "Britannic Researches; or, new Facts and Rectifications of Ancient British History;" and of this the recent work more immediately under our notice may be considered as a continuation or supplement. The author gives proof in these two works of a very extensive and familiar acquaintance with all the ancient British literature, and of a competent knowledge of the modern researches into this period of antiquity; and the very ample manner in which he has brought forward these original materials of history, and has in some cases analysed and collated them, and commented upon their genuineness and authenticity, will make his works a storehouse of information to the student who is entering upon this portion of our national history. But again we are compelled to say that the conclusions which the author has drawn from his materials have in many cases failed to command the assent of those who are competent to judge.

The subject of ancient British History is one of growing interest and importance. Our earlier historians put too implicit faith in Gildas and Nennius and the rest of these semi-mythic writers; then succeeded an age of incredulity, in which it was the fashion to put aside their venerable histories altogether, as a parcel of old wives' fables. But now we have entered upon an age which will take a middle path; which will neither take these poetical myths for sober history, nor will reject them as altogether useless to history; but will study them patiently; and, by the help of the light which archaeology is daily reflecting back upon the obscurity of ancient times, will doubtless succeed in adding something definite to our knowledge of the political history, and still more to our knowledge of the manners and customs and state of civilisation and tone of mind, of that old Celtic tribe which first inhabited our island. And any information which can be thrown upon the subject is of value to the philosophical historian; for that old Celtic tribe was the original stock upon which successive graftings—first from the mongrel people who in Britain bore the Roman name, and next from the Saxon, and then from the Dane, and lastly from the Norman, himself a hybrid—have at length brought forth the flower and goodly fruit of the English people.

Mr. Beale Poste must certainly be included in this modern critical school, though his faith in the authenticity of the old histories and bardic legends is excessive, and his learning and ingenuity are far greater than his critical acumen. But it will need another Niebuhr to guide us through the mythic period of English history; and, meantime, we can recommend Mr. Poste's works to the student as books in which he will find the myths themselves analysed and collated, and a good deal of the modern material thrown together upon which their ultimate elucidation depends; and from which he will be able to gather indications of the directions in which he must pursue his own inquiries if he is desirous of aiding in the solution of the intricate problems which the subject presents.

The Memoirs of the Duke of Saint Simon on the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency. Abridged from the French by BAYLE ST. JOHN. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

Who is there that takes the slightest interest in that most interesting period of French history, the reign of the so-called Augustus of France, who does not know something of the shrewd and gossiping Duc de Saint Simon, the analyst, and, at the same time, the satirist of the backstairs at Versailles—the courtier who shows the King, the great King (not of the Jews), with his wig off; the nobleman who, while with a singular contradiction he entertained a deep reverence for the dignity of his order, was constantly holding up that order to ridicule? The only drawback to becoming perfectly acquainted with his amusing memoirs is their wearisome voluminousness—their liberal dilution with tedious details and uninteresting episodes. No one in these active days of shilling volumes can be reasonably expected to wade through twenty-five ponderous tomes for the purpose of extracting some five or six hundred amusing anecdotes. This has been the great

difficulty, the main cause why the memoirs of the Duc de Saint Simon have hitherto been more talked about than read; and this inconvenience has been partially, if not entirely, removed by Mr. Bayle St. John's abridgment of the memoirs which is now before us. Of the manner in which this gentleman has performed his task, we can fairly say that he has displayed great taste and judgment; and, although perhaps one or two rather unsavoury stories might have been judiciously left buried in their native French, the general tone of the selection is as wholesome as anything can be which relates to that corrupted court.

The effect of the Saint Simon memoirs is well described by Mr. St. John when he says:

They give us the most varied and the most curious information respecting the members of that court; and are especially successful in introducing Louis XIV. to us in address, without his crown, even without his wig, the plain unsophisticated thing, the lean and slipped pantaloons, who, by the huge efforts of flattery, has been introduced to posterity with the title of Great. The most criminal act that literature has committed has been to affect gratitude for this pitiful old gentleman; and it is agreeable to find one literary man, though a noble, painting him in his true colours. We seem to be present at the melancholy death of Hawthorne's Feather-top; or, after having watched the brilliant course of a rocket through the air, to be picking up the miserable stick round which the splendour clung.

But not only is the private littleness of Louis XIV. exposed in these terrible pages; all the ghastly shams and weak mockeries of his gawgaw court are equally laid bare. The rich velvet curtain is blown aside before the scenes are set and the actors in their places; and, instead of the gorgeous panorama intended for our eyes, we see nothing but leering ballet-girls and carpenters in their shirtsleeves, and dandified debauchees lolling about in disgusting confusion. Princesses getting drunk and smoking pipes; great ladies bowing down before a woman who was at the same time one of the most hypocritical and the most abandoned of her sex; gallant gentlemen cheating like rakhells; the King himself descending to a thousand meannesses, so that he may satisfy the most transient fancy; all this and more we find in the pages of Saint Simon. So completely has Mr. St. John boiled down to their essence the twenty-five volumes of memoirs, that he has taken from us all power of selection. Every page is filled with Saint Simon's best anecdotes; and, as all is quotable, we can quote none.

BIOGRAPHY.

Elizabeth de Valois, Queen of Spain, and the Court of Philip II. By MARTHA WALKER FREER. London: Hurst and Blackett.

So much has been written about the tendency of this age to summarise, and to produce books which are more properly to be called literary gossip than literature itself, that to read Mrs. Freer a lecture upon the sin of rummaging the old lumber-rooms of literature for the purpose of cobbling up something new out of unconsidered waifs and strays, would probably be considered superfluous. Let us tell her frankly, however, that, entertaining as her volumes may be as scrap-books, they have very little title to be ranked with those scientific analyses of character which only can be termed biographies. Historical persons, and especially great ladies, always present two aspects to the observer; the one patent and upon the surface, to be described only by telling of the ceremonies they went through, the dresses and jewels which they wore, and the compliments which were paid to them; the other secret, and hidden deep in the mysteries of human nature and court intrigue; and it is the former only that Mrs. Freer has devoted her attention to. Possibly it is this only which she is capable of understanding. Any information which we may require respecting the birth, parentage, personal appearance, costume, and public acts, of this daughter of the terrible Catherine de Medicis, we may find here—perhaps even more than we require; but the true character of the tigress's cub, the exact nature of the influence which she exercised over her husband, and over the people of that kingdom to whose throne she was wedded, nowhere appears. We do not, however, deny that the facts collected by Mrs. Freer have a certain interest, or that they are put together with a great deal of skill. If the work be not a grand and original con-

ception in oil, it is at any rate a pretty and well-executed piece of mosaic.

Elizabeth or Isabella of Valois was the second child of Henry II. and Catherine de Medici. She was born on the 22nd of April 1546, whilst her grandfather, Francis I., was concluding a peace with Henry VIII. Stirring times for a princess to come into the world. Henry of England himself became her godfather, and the ceremony of baptism was celebrated with a magnificence of which Mrs. Freer does not spare us a single yard of cloth of gold. The reader must spare us the task of dwelling upon the infantine period of the young princess's career further than to extract the following passage, which contains matter of the deepest interest:—

A household was formed at St. Germain, for the infant Elizabeth, on a very extensive scale. Her nurse's name was Catherine Lonzelle; and that of her chief dresser Claude de Nan. Madame de Clermont was appointed her governess and first lady. She had also a train of rockers, waiting-maids, and valets-de-chambre. The beauty and strength of the infant formed a happy contrast to the infirm condition of health of her brother Francis, then a child of two years old.

When Elizabeth was but two years, she made the acquaintance of Mary, the little Queen of Scots, then only seven years old, and Mrs. Freer deems it necessary to inform us that "the difference in age of almost five years rendered it impossible for Mary and Elizabeth to pursue their studies at first under the same preceptor. The idea of a little toddler of two years old 'pursuing her studies' under any circumstances is amusing enough. It was not long, however, before the little lady really began to show great precocity in her studies. The Abbé St. Etienne was appointed her preceptor, and began to teach her Latin when she was seven. Her progress in Italian is spoken of as rapid, and she soon 'acquired the rudiments of the Spanish language.' At that time 'it was esteemed a sight highly delectable to witness a dance performed by Elizabeth and Mary Stuart; the graceful movements, and the beauty of the two princesses, so remarkable and yet so different, seemed never displayed to greater advantage. But princesses are precocious in all things. When she was only six years old, Elizabeth received her first offer of marriage. It was from the young Edward VI. of England; but the negotiation was cut off by the untimely death of that promising prince during the very next year. Three years afterwards came a proposition to marry her with Don Carlos, the froward heir to Philip II. of Spain by Mary of Portugal. This young prince was quite a curiosity in the way of unruly turbulence. The question of the marriage was held in suspense for some time, and ended, as we know, in the marriage of the princess with the father in preference to the son. The august widower had been for some time 'looking out' for a third partner to his crown and bed, and, having experienced more disappointments in that way than usually fell to the lot of kings, he at length screwed up courage to make an offer for the hand of the fair Elizabeth, and was accepted by her parents in due form. The articles of the treaty were signed on the 3rd of April 1559, when Elizabeth was just thirteen, and portraits were exchanged. It should be remembered that, although this was his third marriage, King Philip was still a young man, and by all accounts by no means unlikely to recommend himself to a fair lady for other reasons than his kingly rank:

In personal appearance King Philip was slight, and of average stature; but there was a majesty and dignity in his deportment which impressed beholders. His features were agreeable and expressive: his eyes were blue, and his hair and beard of a sandy hue inherited from his German ancestors. 'The Empress, mother of King Philip, brought angels into the world, and not men!' said the Duke of Naxara, Don Antonio Manrique de Lara.

No sooner was the treaty signed than court upholsterers, court milliners, and court jewellers, were set to work to make preparations for the great event. Our lady readers will peruse the following extract with interest.

Elizabeth's *trousseau* was one of singular magnificence, and selected with that exquisite taste in matter of toilette, for which Queen Catherine was celebrated. In the list of dresses provided for Elizabeth, there is mention of four robes of cloth of gold, a robe of crimson velvet, another of gold-coloured velvet, two robes of black velvet, one being trimmed with passementerie and gold, the other with silver lace. She had dresses of white satin and of white damask, ornamented with silver lace; also a dress of crimson damask, very richly adorned with gold. She had

besides a robe of pale silver grey damask, embroidered with gold thread; and many other dresses of rich silk, too numerous to mention. The princess, moreover, had separate surcoats provided of every imaginable hue, some trimmed with fur, others with lace or gold embroidery. There are also several satin petticoats mentioned, some lined with fur and stiffened; also a magnificent *robe-de-chambre* of cloth of silver, furred throughout with lynx. Among the miscellaneous articles of Elizabeth's *trousseau* are two sets of hangings for her Highness's bed-chamber and her presence-chamber, of frosted cloth of gold and crimson velvet; a bed and draperies of crimson velvet richly embroidered in gold; vessels of silver plate of every description for her chamber and for the use of her household; a splendid litter, having curtains of cloth of gold; a chariot and six palfreys. Elizabeth had, besides, a palfrey provided for her own use, with housings of cloth of silver, fringed with tags of the same precious metal. She took with her, moreover, coffers filled with body linen of the most exquisite texture; also, stores of linen were provided for her table and chambers. This tremendous cargo of valuables occasioned the Spanish envoys no little solicitude to provide for its transport over the mountains in the depth of winter, as they were required to do.

And we are not surprised to hear it. But in the midst of the festivities caused by the espousals a terrible event happened. At a tournament, given in the Rue St. Antoine, an accidental thrust from the lance of the Count de Montgomery put an end to the life of Henry II. and left Catherine de Medici a widow. Owing to this unhappy event, the departure of Elizabeth for her new home was delayed somewhat. Her brother was crowned at Rheims on the 14th of September 1559, and, after being present at the ceremony, she set out for Spain in the following November. By the wish of her mother, she caused herself to be accompanied by a number of French ladies, and this, although apparently a piece of very deep policy on the part of Catherine, was in reality a very ill-judged measure, for it was a constant and fruitful source of disagreement between Elizabeth and her royal husband and the people of Spain. Catherine expected that by surrounding her daughter with her own creatures she should still retain some control over her; but, in truth, she was doing nothing but create a constant source of intrigue and unhappiness.

On the 3rd of January 1560 the royal party crossed the frontier of Spain; and on Sunday, February the 4th, the first meeting between the newly-married couple took place. "Philip, bound by the rigid ceremonial he so highly venerated, made no attempt to greet his bride before she publicly bent the knee before him in the halls of Mendoza." In spite of this, however, there is every reason to believe that he was entirely satisfied with the wife whom fortune and diplomacy had provided for him; rejoicings and festivities were the order of the day—slightly troubled, however, by the ebullitions of Don Carlos, who had lost a wife to gain a step-mother, and who was bitterly sarcastic upon the folly of middle-aged gentlemen marrying young girls of fourteen years old. This, however, was a minor evil compared to the severe attack of smallpox which Elizabeth sustained soon after her arrival in Spain, and to the serious dissensions which soon sprang up between the Spanish and French attendants upon her person. The smallpox was cured, and left but slight traces behind it; but the blunder in diplomacy which Catherine de Medici had made coloured the whole of her daughter's married life. Very shortly after her arrival in Spain the wily Catherine gave proof of the manner in which she intended to make use of her daughter's influence over an uxorious husband, by writing to request her to exert her persuasive powers in order to induce Philip to make war upon Elizabeth of England. King Philip, however, fond as he was of his young wife, was not to be duped by an artifice so transparent, and we are told that "Elizabeth was as yet too young to play a political rôle in the Spanish Cabinet; and Catherine did her daughter great injury by her perpetual attempts to incite the Queen to interfere in the government." At this time, moreover, Philip proved that he was of a very secretive disposition, and "never imparted state affairs to his wife's ear."

In December 1560 Francis II. died suddenly, and Catherine de Medici was elevated to the Regency of France. How she applied her bold and unscrupulous mind to the task of strengthening the position of her house is well known. Between her and the Guises France was then torn to pieces. These events, however, do not properly come within the story of Elizabeth de

Valois' life. In August 1566 the latter presented her husband, who had long and eagerly expected the event, with a daughter, the Infanta Dona Isabel; next year the Queen bore another daughter, the Infanta Dona Catalina; and it is a curious proof of the bad terms then existing between the King and his hopeful heir, Don Carlos, that he forbade him all access to the royal children, fearing (it is said) for their lives.

The sequel of that miserable family tragedy is well told by Mrs. Freer; the conspiracy of Don Carlos; the father directing the impeachment of his son; the imprisonment of the latter; and his sudden and mysterious death in his prison. Those who are not already acquainted with these facts will find them well told in Mrs. Freer's pages. The condition of that miserable Prince naturally excited the compassion of Elizabeth; and that which was but the manifestation of a feeling heart was, by a jealous husband, not improbably converted into material for jealousy. At any rate, she was prevented from seeing her unhappy stepson. As Mrs. Freer observes: "The death of the Prince while a prisoner became a fatal stain on the history of Philip's reign."

Elizabeth de Valois did not long survive. It was said that the death of Don Carlos produced a great effect upon her mind; and others did not scruple to declare that the same poison and the same state policy carried off both. She died on the 3rd of October 1568, giving birth to an infant. Her short career of twenty-two years was an eventful and a chequered one.

The popular estimation of this Queen, as derived from dramatists and romancers, is, that she was a vicious woman, who admitted her stepson to be her lover. Mrs. Freer, however, undertakes to defend her from this aspersion; and the case which she makes out is quite as good as could be expected in a matter involving so much secrecy and mystery.

Memorials of Andrew Crosse, the Electrician. London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume is the scientific and literary biography of a man who stood among the foremost natural philosophers of the present century, and whose position was recognised by men, of the same stamp and profession, whose names have filled and still fill the world. The name of Andrew Crosse has been spread less widely; but it is still held in affectionate, respectful, and admiring remembrance by that inner circle of science which gives laws—and gives them rightly—to that large outer world which can but receive, understand, and appreciate the acquisitions and revelations of higher and more gifted natures. Foremost, we repeat, among them, whose patient and life-long investigations have tended to raise the inscrutable veil by which the inmost laboratory of Nature and Nature's God is separated from the strange world of fleeting phantasms around us—one of that choice but small band which is destined to make the prophets of the next age out of the martyrs of the present—stands the upright mind, the clear truth-loving intelligence, the manly, acute, simple, sincere, accomplished, and indefatigable spirit of Andrew Crosse.

The life of such a man has a double value, which the present volume amply expresses. The man and the philosopher are distinct beings. The former is a creature with passions like unto ourselves; the latter is a machine in its operations, and an abstraction in its relation to humanity. Hence it is that the lives of people who are called "philosophers," although full of scientific instruction, are about the driest reading that can be named. For amusement, for entertainment, and for higher purposes—for the purposes of that deep and mysterious sympathy which makes race cling to race, and like creatures to like creatures,—nay more, for the purposes of that highest human science which looks for truth in the inductive facts of experimental physiology and psychology; a philosopher "is—Lord bless us—a thing of naught." When you have the diary of the learned automaton's experiments, you have the inner as well as the outer life of the machine. Never think of looking below the surface for a fibre which has escaped ossification, nor for a sentiment that has been saved from crystallisation. The thing has been very useful in its way; but after all it is only a thing, and, as such, cannot claim to be an object of lasting interest, still less of sympathy, to living creatures whose blood still circulates and whose hearts still bound.

Therefore, if Andrew Crosse had been merely

what he was undoubtedly in the highest and best sense of the term—a philosopher; if he had been merely “a lover of wisdom” and truth; and still more, if he had been, that which he always disclaimed being, that very silly and conceited thing, the self-styled “wise man;” we should have wished him and his biographer, as in duty bound, all joy of his wisdom, and have held our office amply satisfied when we had dotted down a compendious *résumé* of his contributions to the science of inductive physiology. But it is because he was emphatically not only a man, but an able and honest man, bearing also deservedly and “without abuse the grand old name of gentleman,” that we think it fitting to consider him somewhat at length under the double aspect in which his character appears.

Let us first say something of the authorship of the book. Although it is concealed modestly from the title-page, it is revealed from the preface that the volume is written by Cornelia Crosse; and, as such, it is a fitting tribute from a Roman widow to a Roman husband. It is, in fact, much more; for it is a graceful, touching, and unaffected narrative, such as it well becomes an English wife to write, and such as none but an accomplished English lady of the present day could write. It is marked throughout with great judgment, great delicacy, and unexceptionable taste. The quiet and uneventful life of Mr. Crosse has an interest of its own apart from his scientific life; and it owes this interest in a great measure to the eclectic discretion of his biographer in narrating only such incidents, and recording such sentiments, as were strictly descriptive and characteristic of his bold and original intellect. On the other hand, the concise, but at the same time careful and lucid account which Mrs. Crosse gives of her husband's researches and discoveries, entitles her book to the high consideration and patient attention of all students of natural science.

Andrew Crosse was born on the 17th of June 1784. He was the heir of an ancient family which had come over with the Conqueror; had distinguished itself at Agincourt and elsewhere through many generations; and had held always high station among old Somersetshire families at the manorial seat of the Crosse, Fyne Court, near Broomfield, under the Quantock Hills. There was a connection with the house of Saye and Sele, whence probably, although it is not stated, came the name of the seat, and so manifestly a kindred with that name of “Fienes” which forms the hereditary pride of more than one old Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire family—a name full of old historical associations, and calling up, among others, the victim of Jack Cade, and the subtle Machiavellian of the Roundheads. The family had been wealthy, and was still comparatively so when Andrew Crosse became its representative; but it had long possessed and practised, in his own words, “the art of converting a guinea into a shilling.” Much of its worldly glory had departed; but enough remained to give the house a continuing standing in the county, and to place the subject of this memoir in easy circumstances, which enabled him to devote his active mind and life to the studies of his choice.

His predilections showed themselves in boyhood. In the course of the usual classical education of his time, in which he became no mean proficient and learned to admire “the incomparable odes of Horace,” natural philosophy and electricity were his pastimes. He was a fine lad who “came of a laughing family,” and, as might be expected, he applied his schoolboy science to purposes of mischief. On one occasion his schoolfellows were admitted to a spectacle, in which an old witch exhibited a dancing electrical figure of a mediæval devil, and, while all gazed with awe, an electrical shock shot through the spectator and made him believe that he was in the presence of more than a transparent automaton. The old witch was Andrew Crosse.

He thus describes his general character and tastes at this epoch:

In general I was a very happy boy, careless, and extravagantly fond of fun. When I returned home for the holidays, I was made to read from the Greek three hours a day to my father, who was very strict. For my own amusement I had read whole volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, devoured Fielding, laughed at his Trulliber, and formed an undying affection for Parson Adams. Voyages and travels were my delight. I liked Dean Swift's wit amazingly. I hated the pomposity of Richardson, and much preferred the broad coarse humour of Fielding. ‘Sir Charles Grandison’ was my aversion, a stiff, unnatural, ridiculous fool; Johnson, too, I hated.

At sixteen he lost his father, and when he was twenty-one his mother died. In the interval he had passed through Oxford, for which he formed no strong liking. The wine parties were not to his taste, and he found himself laughed at for his romantic notions of friendship. Probably something of the bitterness of the inevitable reaction in early life from optimism to misanthropy led him, at the age of twenty-one, to settle down at Fyne Court, in the company of his brother and sister, and commence in earnest the long scientific labours of his life. But he was still a buoyant and happy creature, with a kind of provincial reputation as a practical joker. Hence came an intimate association with Theodore Hook in Somersetshire and London.

He was with the latter when he played off many of his well-known practical jokes. On one occasion Hook was dining with Mr. Crosse at his London lodgings; the day was hot, and the windows were thrown open; they were a merry party, and were talking and laughing loudly, when some wag who was passing by threw a penny piece into the room, which fell on the table close by a quarter of lamb that the host was carving. “Ah, mint sauce is good with lamb,” cried Theodore Hook. I remember hearing Mr. Crosse say that he was once at a party with Mr. Hook, when a Mr. Winter was announced, a well-known inspector of taxes. Hook immediately roared out,—

Here comes Mr. Winter, inspector of taxes,
I'd advise ye to give him whatever he axes,
I'd advise ye to give him, without any flummery,
For though his name's Winter, his actions are summary.

No one loved a joke more than Mr. Crosse, and his anecdotes of this period of his life were very amusing; but he never indulged in any jest which could wound the feelings of another. Theodore Hook, it seems, was not always so particular.

Sydney Smith was also one of his friends, and Mr. Crosse used to relate how the Dean of St. Paul's once commenced a charity sermon as follows: “Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature. A never sees B. in distress without wishing C. to relieve him.”

Mr. Crosse now gave full indulgence to his taste for experimental natural philosophy, and by degrees formed a magnificent laboratory at his own house, which excited the admiration of the most distinguished chemists and physiologists of the day. It contained every species of chemical apparatus, and especially such constituents as referred to the unknown and unexplored science of electricity. Many of these were either invented or improved by Mr. Crosse, who from the first felt himself impelled irresistibly to devote himself to the investigation of the laws of electricity. He was one of the first—perhaps the first—to predict one astonishing phenomenon which at the present hour is all but realised. At a county dinner party, in the year 1816, a shy guest, who had said little until some one mentioned the subject of electricity, suddenly burst into a strain of striking eloquence. At length he said: “I prophesy that by means of the electric agency we shall be enabled to communicate our thoughts *instantaneously* with the uttermost ends of the earth.” As might be expected, the prophecy was received with derision as an absurdity and a chimera. It is needless to say that the shy guest was Andrew Crosse.

Some of his earliest experiments were on the laws of electro-crystallisation:

These investigations of the laws of nature arose from the following circumstance. In the parish of Broomfield there is a large fissure in a limestone rock, called Holwell Cavern; its roofs and sides are covered with arragonite in every possible variety of crystallisation. This romantic spot was often visited by Mr. Crosse, and suggested to him many poetic as well as philosophical thoughts. He pondered on the laws which regulate the growth of crystals; he could not believe that the starry emanations from centres were the effects of the mere mechanical dropping of water charged with carbonate of lime. Speaking of it he says, “When first I visited this cavern, I felt assured that I should sooner or later learn some new principle from an examination of its interesting crystallisation. I felt convinced at an early period that the formation and constant growth of the crystalline matter which lined the roof of this cave was caused by some peculiar upward attraction; and, reasoning more on the subject, I felt assured that it was electric attraction. I brought away some water from Holwell Cave, and filling a tumbler with it exposed it to the action of a small voltaic battery excited by water alone. The opposite poles of the battery were connected with the Holwell water by platinum wires, let fall at opposite sides of the tumbler. An electric action immediately took place, which continued for nine days; but not finding any formation upon either of the wires, I was about to take abroad the whole apparatus, when at that precise moment a party of

friends called, and remained some time. This most fortunate delay prevented the removal of the apparatus till the next or tenth day, when I went for the purpose of so doing; the sun was shining brightly, and I plainly observed some sparkling crystals upon the negative platinum wire, which proved to be carbonate of lime, attracted from the mineral waters by the electric action.” Mr. Crosse afterwards repeated this experiment in the dark, and he succeeded in getting crystals formed on the sixth day.

He exploded a signal error of earlier physiologists. It had been thought that to effect crystallisation there must be perfect rest of the particles; but Mr. Crosse ascertained an opposite law, viz., that in many cases constant motion greatly facilitates the growth of crystals. And so, as he held that the laws of form are regulated by electrical action, as exemplified in the formation of crystals under the influence of the voltaic battery, he extended analogically, and by a long course of observation and patient experiment, his theories upwards into the vegetable world; and with more diffidence, but still with a strong but humble belief, into the animal world; and held, that in the still unknown science of electro-crystallisation must be sought the physical laws by which matter becomes form, by which form becomes organisation, and organisation life.

As might be expected, these bold inquiries drew on Mr. Crosse a large amount of that contemptible but annoying obloquy which in every age has made the heroes of science also its martyrs. He was taxed with unsettling creeds, with promoting atheism, with subverting society. There never was a man to whom such charges were applied more gratuitously and absurdly; for there never lived a man more impressed with the sublime and active reality of an omnipotent, although inscrutable, First Cause. Mr. Crosse preferred, in all sincerity and simplicity, to investigate secondary causes only; and, although he inclined to believe reverentially, with men of equally profound research, that in the action of electricity is to be sought the solution of all the existing phenomena of life and the material universe, yet he bowed in all awe-struck and pious humility before the inappreciable and undiscoverable attributes of Him who deigns to make this wonderful and universal influence the minister and medium of His creative omnipotence. Mr. Crosse was no votary of an atomic philosophy, nor of a blind and causeless Necessity, even as expounded by the sublime hopelessness of Lucretius. In reference to a malignant attack on him with regard to a subject about to be noticed, he says indignantly:

I have met with so much virulence and abuse, so much calumny and misrepresentation, in consequence of these experiments, that it seems, in this nineteenth century, as if it were a crime to have made them. For the sake of truth and the science which I follow, I must state that I am neither an atheist, nor a materialist, nor a self imagined creator, but a humble and lowly reverencer of that Great Being of whose laws my accusers seem to have lost sight.

This justification was provoked by the criticisms which were elicited by the most startling of Mr. Crosse's physiological discoveries, and that which has most excited the scientific as well as the unscientific world. In the course of some electrical experiments on a silicious fluid combined with carbonate of potassa, the object of which was to produce crystals of silica, Mr. Crosse observed, after a fortnight's continuous application of electricity to the fluid, some white excrescences on the surface of the electrified stone on which he expected the crystals to form. The excrescences enlarged gradually; shot out seven or eight filaments on the eighteenth day; on the twenty-sixth resembled perfect insects; and on the twenty-eighth detached themselves from the stone, and became living creatures. It is doubtful whether they belong to any known species; but they are assigned to the genus *Acarus*. At first Mr. Crosse thought that the ova might be in the atmosphere; but subsequent experiments induced him to abandon this view; and, although he produced the same insects frequently afterwards, they were always produced under identical conditions. Whenever these varied, they failed to appear; but not the least striking part of the phenomena is, that they were produced in a caustic solution and in a gaseous atmosphere, which are singularly destructive of all ordinary forms of life.

Mr. Crosse never pretended to account for the existence of these phenomena, but contented himself with announcing the fact and its conditions to the world. It became, and continues to be, a subject of unexhausted interest and respectful consideration to all men of science.

We can only refer briefly to a few of Mr. Crosse's other scientific discoveries. By the action of electricity on various solutions, he succeeded in forming minerals, some of an entirely novel species. He related to an admiring audience of the British Association at Bristol, in 1836, how by these means he had produced "artificial crystals of quartz, arragonite, carbonate of lime, lead, and copper, besides more than twenty other artificial minerals." He concluded with expressing his conviction that "it was possible even to make diamonds, and that at no distant period every kind of mineral would be formed by the ingenuity of man."

Mr. Crosse discovered a very simple means of purifying sea-water, and rendering it fit for drinking, through the agency of electricity. This discovery has since been patented by a company; but we are not informed how it pays. He discovered also that meat may be well preserved, and even putrid meat made wholesome, by immersion in electrified water. By means of electricity he found also that copper may be separated from its ores, and that blood may be kept fluid for an indefinite time. It was his opinion also that electricity is the agent by which matter is conveyed into the vegetable world, and that, in fact, the growth of vegetation is attributable to the direct local influence of electricity. He says: "A field of boundless extent lies open to him who may closely follow up these researches, although the best mode of conducting such experiments remains to be discovered."

Such were some, and perhaps the most important, researches of Mr. Crosse's scientific life; but, remarkable as they are, and fully entitling him, as they do, to a biography as one of the advanced physiologists of his age, they afford a very inadequate compendium of fifty years of experimental investigation. In fact, it must be admitted and lamented that, with all his admirable acumen and indefatigable energy, Mr. Crosse was sadly wanting in some qualities without which acumen and energy, even of the highest order, are comparatively fruitless and unproductive. Method and systematic notation in his researches formed no part of Mr. Crosse's highly-gifted mind; and he was constitutionally unable, or too indolent, to generalise his discoveries or to arrange them in anything like profitable or intelligible order. Hence his is the usual and, in some measure, the deserved fate of genius. He has sown what others will reap; he is the Columbus to whose new world less able but more prudent and more selfish inquirers will give their names. Indeed, there never lived a man more careless of fame and more disinterested in the search of truth for the sake of truth alone. Others view knowledge as so much available capital; Mr. Crosse regarded it as abstractedly beautiful and admirable, as the external garment, but not as the inward essence, of the highest good and most exalted life. His intense and earnest love for the realities of all things, and equally intense and equally honest hatred of the sham which conventionality substitutes for them, are scarcely less fresh and racy in their nature and simplicity than a satire of Horace or an essay of Montaigne. In fact, he describes his life well as "a humble imitation of nature—an endeavour to discover truth without calling in the aid of human deception." That he had not the organ of order, as he abounded in that of invention, is to be regretted for the sake of his own fame—for the additional labours which the omission has caused his elegant and accomplished biographer—and for the losses to science which her admirable endeavours have done much to recover, but, as was inevitable, not altogether to supply. But enough remains to place Mr. Crosse among the first physiologists of his day, and there his position will, we are confident, remain permanent and unshaken.

This sketch would still be imperfect if it omitted to notice several poems with which this volume is interspersed, and which, although of various degrees of merit, prove that Mr. Crosse carried into his intellectual relaxations that independence and originality of thought which are conspicuous in his scientific investigations. They betray the impetuosity and impatience of his nature, and are wanting in elaborate completeness; but they are manifestly in many instances much above mediocrity, and many of the ideas are good, and forcibly expressed. Take for instance the four following lines, reminding us of the best portions of Darwin, on the formation of crystals:

Here, whilst new realms arise and old decay,
And centuries of crime are swept away,
The night-born flagree of ages grove,
Fenced from all living gaze, creeps slowly on.

In fact the whole description in page 43-44 has high merit. The lines to the "Chamber Clock" (page 70), and the translation of the second ode of Horace's first book, are also very elegant compositions.

Mr. Crosse lived during most of his life at Fyne Court, and his reputation in the neighbourhood and county as a kind-hearted and hospitable host was scarcely inferior to that which he had as a man of science. He used to say: "If my greatest enemy was to come to my house, I would ask him to dinner, and call him out afterwards." We recommend to all who are interested in the subject of this memoir a very spirited and pleasing description of Mr. Crosse's domestic life by his friend Edward W. Cox, Esq., at page 152-159 of the volume.

Mr. Crosse was married twice, and leaves families by both his wives. His first wife died in 1846, as did also his brother, to whom he was deeply attached, and who seems to have been a man of high metaphysical ability. In 1850 Mr. Crosse married the lady who has written his life. He died of paralysis on the 6th of July 1855.

PHILO.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England. By JOHN LORD CAMPBELL. Vol. V. London: Murray. This volume of the new and cheaper edition of a book that has taken its place as a standard one, commences with the Lords-Commissioners of the Great Seal on the accession of William and Mary, and includes the Life of Lord Somers, Lord-Keeper Wright, Lord Cowper, and Lord Harcourt.

SCIENCE.

The Constitution of the Animal Creation, as expressed in Structural Appendages. By G. CALVERT HOLLAND, M.D. London: John Churchill. 1857. 8vo. pp. 310.

This is a very curious work, remarkable from the novelty of the theory entertained by its author, and now for the first time given to the world in these pages. Dr. Holland, from his professional standing and reputation, has considerable claims on our attention. He is honorary physician to the General Infirmary at Sheffield, and was formerly President of the Hunterian and Royal Physical Societies at Edinburgh; and, beside his present contribution to medical literature, is the author of eleven other works on various branches of physiology, all of which have received the most favourable criticism from the *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, the *Lancet*, *Medical Times*, and other organs of the profession. He is therefore a man who comes before us with other recommendations than the originality of the views contained in the present volume; and though a very considerable portion of its contents admit only of examination and discussion in the pages of an exclusively medical review, there is much that we may consider in our present notice without shocking the delicacy of the most fastidious. Dr. Holland's new theory then is this—that the hair which grows on the head and other portions of the human body is not bestowed for ornament or protection from atmospheric influences alone, but is the result of the escape of the different superfluous elements of the system, which are thrown out, and, if we may be allowed the expression, are used up in the production of hair in man, and of hair, tusks, horns, &c. in the animal creation. He considers that the views which he entertains on the nervous system alone can explain the cause of the growth of hair; and he contends that the regions in which it is abundantly developed in the human species will be found always to be those which are most distinguished by a concentration of nervous matter and characterised by excited vital actions. Dr. Holland further argues that in all physiological investigations a distinction must be maintained between the consideration of organs which are essential and those which are merely supplementary. The latter must be regarded as appendages merely, which are developed from local and constitutional necessities, no matter what their form or the situation they occupy. The principles so advanced by our author respecting the animal apply equally to the vegetable kingdom, and the latter will be found on examination to present instances of supplementary structures as remark-

able as the former, and arising from precisely similar causes.

Passing over several chapters very interesting in themselves to the physiologist and student in science, but more suited to the pages of a medical journal for discussion than one devoted to general literature, we will endeavour, having thus briefly given Dr. Holland's general theory as to the cause of the growth of hair in the animal kingdom, now to place before our readers the reasons why men differ so much in this respect, some soon becoming bald, and never having moustaches, beard, &c., at any time of their existence; while others have an abundance of these hirsute "appendages," and preserve their luxuriant locks sometimes to extreme old age. Dr. Holland does not mean to contend that an abundance of hair is necessarily an unfailing indication of bodily strength, for he admits that some of the most renowned pugilists have frequently been but scantily furnished with it; and he further admits that no satisfactory relation can be established between the physical powers of the body and the quantity of hair on it. Without reference to their relative strength and weakness, it will always be found that persons of dark or sallow complexion have hair in greater abundance than those that are fair. Dr. Holland assumes that the existence of different temperaments is an admitted fact now in physiological science; and on this assumption proceeds to give us some very interesting information respecting the varieties into which they are subdivided. In the lymphatic temperament, for instance, which is characterised by low vitality, impoverished blood, general want of nervous energy to impart stimulus to the structural endowments, and a great tendency for the most part to the development of the adipose tissue, we shall almost invariably find the hair scanty in quantity and thin and weak in quality. Why is this? Our author says from the deficiency of nervous power; the circulating fluid has few superfluous elements to emit, and hence the scantiness of hair in persons of this temperament. The diseases to which it is liable are always those which show the prevailing low tone of the constitution. The liver rarely exhibits activity in the discharge of its function; bilious symptoms in general are seldom remarked; the whole body is more liable to sub-acute than acute inflammation; and if by any chance this latter stage supervene it will be found that the blood which is abstracted exhibits a large proportion of serum and very little fibrine.

Let us now take the very opposite temperament to this, viz., the bilious, and see what are the principal phenomena manifested by those that come under this definition. Here we have for their mental characteristics, strong determination, a will that makes everything bend to the accomplishment of its purpose, and general force of character; for their physical indications, the flesh firm, the muscles prominent, the movements of the body energetic, and the chest, lungs, and abdominal organs well developed; and above all an abundant growth of hair on the head, face, and other parts of the body, dark in colour, and usually strong and coarse in quality. Now, again we ask, why is this? Our author answers, in substance, Because the bilious temperament is always marked by great activity of the nervous system in general, and of the liver in particular; and the result of this combined action is the production of blood abounding in surplus elements and necessitating external outlets, of which we have evidence in the luxuriant profusion of hair by which persons belonging to this temperament are marked.

While Dr. Holland thus contends for the great influence which the bile has on the nervous system, he does not wish it to be understood that the activity of the latter is to be ascribed to it; on the contrary, he conceives that the excited functions of the liver itself mainly depend on the vigorous endowments of nervous matter; and, further, that this, in the variable qualities by which it is distinguished, is the foundation of a great proportion of the constitutional diversities of mankind.

We now notice the nervous temperament, by which is meant a predominance in the development of the nervous system relatively to the rest of the animal structure. Those who come under this denomination are spare in person, active, restless, and energetic in disposition, little addicted to the indulgence of tender emotions, and generally concentrating all their aims and desires within the narrow circle of self and selfish con-

siderations. With this type it will be found that the hair on the head and face is usually very scanty; and the reason for it is apparent, says our author, in the fact that in the nervous temperament the functions of life are active, yet with few exceptions the supplementary structures are only slightly greater in degree. Hair is not abundant because the activity of the nervous system is only one condition essential to its production; the luxuriance of it implies other endowments. A copiousness of the circulating fluids, unaccompanied by the vigorous action of nervous matter, is inadequate to the production of hair in any degree of abundance; and equally so the excited operations of the same nervous matter, unaided in the manifestation of its influence by the stimulating qualities of the blood.

Another temperament, in which, unless the complexion be sallow, the hair is seldom exuberant, is the muscular, of which there are two varieties. The first and the less common of the two is the lean muscular frame adapted for all purposes, in which strength, agility, and sustained exertion are required. It is not in general a temperament that furnishes many contributions to the ranks of art, science, or literature, although Dr. Holland admits there is an illustrious exception to this rule in the instance of "Christopher North," in whom the muscular and intellectual powers were remarkably combined. Every look, every gesture, in Professor Wilson proved in a high degree how these qualities were associated. When he strode along the streets with his large limbs, erect muscular form, and the profusion of long yellow hair which he wore, floating on his shoulders, he looked (to use Mr. Warren's apt comparison) like a lion of the forest. With such a temperament as this, the blood is rich in fibrine and oxygenated properties; the pulse is strong, but does not exhibit any particular fullness; the hair on the head is thick, on the face only occasionally copious; but in the degree to which it is thrown out it is next to the bilious temperament. The second variety of the muscular type is that which is accompanied by an amount of fat, imparting a roundness and largeness to the limbs and body, exceedingly common in this country. Our author says he has no hesitation in affirming that, in the ratio of this tendency to the secretion of fat, showing itself at a somewhat early period of life, is the less appearance of hair on the face and body generally. From these observations, Dr. Holland concludes that the degree in which this external appendage is thrown out is not a just measure of the physical endowments of the frame. Many who display it in great luxuriance are slight in figure, and in no way remarkable for strength. The growth of it depends on the activity of the liver, and to some extent on that of the abdominal viscera, in relation to the rest of the vital functions. Superfluous chemical elements are produced, and the nervous system, energetic in its operations, disposes of them in the form of hair on the head, face, and other regions of the body.

Dr. Holland devotes several chapters to the elaborate consideration of the tissues and functions of the skin, the origin and structure of the hair (in which he avails himself largely of the materials afforded by the researches of Dr. Todd and Professor Bowman), and to those regions of the human body in which hair particularly exists. He then discusses at great length the causes which determine the growth of hair in particular situations of the body, and contends that the growth of it in those situations is dependant on the concentration of nervous matter. The organs of the body he divides into two classes: the one expending nervous power in the production of palpable fluids; the other having no such outlet, and hence the appropriation of it and surplus matters to the growth of hair and other appendages. These propositions are very copiously illustrated; and then our author expresses in two highly interesting chapters his views of the causes which give rise to a copiousness of hair in man, and which produce the general smoothness of the cutaneous surface in woman.

From an application of his principles to "the lord of creation," Dr. Holland proceeds to their consideration in reference to the chimpanzees, apes, monkeys, &c., and to quadrupeds generally. In these last the development of hair over the entire surface is explained in accordance with the circulation of the blood and the distribution of nervous power peculiar to them. He illustrates these physiological principles by the study of the horse. The large quantities of blood transmitted to the cutaneous regions when

the animal is in active exercise, the waste elements of which cannot be thrown off by the process of exhalation, have an outlet in the formation of hair. All these views are further carried out by our author, when he comes to the consideration of the causes of the development of particular hairy appendages in the higher class of quadrupeds, such as the mane of the lion and horse. He states the mode in which he believes the nervous power of the dorsal and lumbar portions of the spinal marrow to be drawn off to meet the necessities of the body. The cervical portion has fewer demands upon it; and therefore, having a greater amount of surplus elements to dispose of, they appear in the form of the mane. Structural and functional modifications are also adduced—the hair on the fetlock of the drayhorse, for instance. The character of the constitution of the animal is musculo-lymphatic: the grossness of its body requires issues in a corresponding degree, and they are found in an abundant growth of hair. The concentration of blood and nervous power in the region where the hair is thrown out is on the fetlock, and the actions to which the structures are subject in this situation produce, in conjunction with the prevailing state of the constitution, the presence of a copious appendage.

We have in the following chapter the same theory applied to the development of horns in ruminating animals. Dr. Holland remarks that the situation and character of appendages vary with the necessities of particular structures in relation to constitutional requirements. He draws our attention to the form of the head and the degree of intelligence possessed by ruminating animals, and calls on us to observe that the *medulla oblongata* as compared with the brain is largely developed, and so proportionately are the cerebral nerves springing from it. Now, in the act of rumination, we have a twofold process, viz., the long-continued movement of the jaws in the chewing of the cud, and a correspondingly excited process in the *medulla oblongata*. The operations of which this is the seat are the cause of the production of surplus elements; and they appear in the region from which they are thrown off in the form of horns. But it will naturally occur to every one to inquire, why some varieties of cattle possess long horns, some short horns, and others no horns at all? Again, with respect to sheep we have the Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, and Cotswold breeds, destitute of horns, while the Dorset, Exmoor, Scotch, Radnor, and Welsh sheep have them often of great size. Why is this? Dr. Holland says because the more you fatten, the higher you breed the animal, the more you tend to convert the *nervo-muscular* constitution which it originally possessed into the *lymphatic*, and the result is horns of diminished size or none at all. The production of fat is one of the means which the system is forced to adopt in order to get quit of the carbonaceous and other elements in excess, resulting from the abundant food and comparatively inactive habits of the animal, or, in other words, the formation of fat is the disposal of matters that would under other conditions create horns.

The development of tusks in the larger quadrupeds, such as the elephant, rhinoceros, wild boar, &c., Dr. Holland considers to be another modification of the same principle. The utility of these tusks consists in affording outlets for superfluous substances from the region whence the proboscis or other analogous organ arises, and where a large amount of vital activity is concentrated; and hence the necessity for supplementary organs in harmony with the local and constitutional exigencies—in fact, to use our author's own expression, the tusks are a species of *safety-valve* in relation to the tissues with which they are connected, and to the system at large. A strong confirmation of this he thinks is found in the well-known fact that elephants of inferior strength or weak constitutions do not possess tusks, but only *tushes*, as they are called by the hunters, averaging in length not more than eighteen inches. The presence of these *tushes*, therefore, in the place of tusks indicates a comparatively low state of the constitution, a less amount of surplus elements; and hence the supplementary structures into which they are formed are proportionately diminutive. In the Asiatic elephant *tushes* in general take the place of tusks. The latter are not even commonly met with among the males, and when they are found present the animal is always one of a comparatively vigorous habit. It is evident that the Asiatic elephant is inferior to the African in all its constitutional en-

dowments. It is apparent not only in the wonderful difference in the size of the tusks, but in the length of the ears and the general shape of the head. The animal system has not the same organic necessities in the two regions, from causes which are to be traced to the influence of climate. The body of all existing races of elephants is nearly destitute of hair; but Dr. Holland says the few hairs which are to be found prove that, had the animal been distinguished by higher vital qualities, the production of tusks alone would not have furnished a sufficient outlet for the surplus elements which under those circumstances would have to be expelled. The reasoning of our author is further confirmed by the discovery of the celebrated Lena elephant embedded in the ice in Siberia. It was of a species now utterly extinct, but the whole body was found entirely covered with exceedingly long thick hair and possessed besides a large flowing mane. The valuable opinions of our English Cuvier—Richard Owen—are brought to bear on this discovery; and the inference certainly appears only strictly reasonable, that the degree of the development of all supplementary structures is apportioned in accordance with constitutional exigencies, variable in the demands which they make according to the modifying influences of the various external circumstances by which they are surrounded.

Dr. Holland concludes this new and valuable contribution to physiological science with a dissertation on the analogy between the production and uses of fat and hair in the human species. This chapter is extremely interesting, but, from the nature of the various questions involved in its discussion, is more fitted for examination in an exclusive medical journal than in the pages of a popular periodical. In taking our leave of Dr. Holland, we beg to congratulate him on his present very successful effort to excite thought and stimulate inquiry in the path of knowledge, and heartily thank him for the pleasure he has afforded us in following him into a new domain of scientific investigation.

GLAUCUS.

Mr. T. F. Hardwick, of King's College, has published a fourth edition of his *Manual of Photographic Chemistry*, to which he has introduced a full account of the collodion process. This is, we believe, one of the best, if not the best work, on photography that has yet appeared.

Statistics of Insanity: being the Decennial Report of Bethlehem Hospital. By W. Charles Hood, M.D. (Batten)—is a cheering document. It shows what ameliorations have been made in the treatment of insanity, and how these have operated to the cure of the malady. It seems that the large proportion of those admitted to Bethlehem are of the educated classes. This suggests the propriety of confining it to "the poor educated insane of the middle class," and sending the others to the County Asylums. Association with persons of the same social and mental class is quite as essential with the insane as with the sane, or even more so.

EDUCATION.

The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography. Parts II to 15. Blackie and Son.

This magnificent atlas proceeds with a regularity of issue most creditable to the publishers, and most satisfactory to the shareholders. Five parts have appeared since our last notice of it. These contain no less than fifteen maps on double paper coloured. When complete it will be by far the best atlas extant, for it gives the most recent discoveries.

Latin Exercises, by the late James Melvin, LL.D.; with *Dissertations*, by Peter Calder, A.M. (Edinburgh: MacLachlan).—These exercises were dictated by the author to his pupils, and preserved by them. They are remarkable for explaining the meaning of words and the proper use of them, and then the example follows. We have never seen grammar so familiarly expounded as in these pages.

The Rationale of Arithmetical Teaching, by John Blair (Longman), professes to simplify the teaching of the science of numbers. To say that the author has not succeeded, is only to say that he has not done what hundreds of persons before him have tried and failed to do.

La Fleur et la Feuille is a translation by the Chevalier de Chatelain of Chaucer's poem. It is gracefully rendered, and might be usefully read by students of the French tongue.

Dr. Bakewell has published some short and excellent practical *Hints on the Management of the Sick Room* (Snow).—They should be found in every house, kept in the medicine-chest, for ready reference when required.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Tent and the Khan: a Journey to Sinai and Palestine. By ROBERT WALTER STEWART, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant.

English and Scottish Sketches. By an American. London: White. Boston: Clapp.

The Pleasure-Paths of Travel. By EDWARD FOX, Esq. London: Newby.

DR. STEWART says truly, that "where so much has been published he must be a bold man who lays claim to great originality." Nevertheless, he is persuaded that, "notwithstanding all that has been written on Bible lands, the subject is yet very far from being exhausted. The Arabian desert, in particular, is still scarcely known beyond the beaten track which leads from Suez to the convent of St. Catherine at Ghebel Mousa, and from thence to Petra and Hebron." It is not our purpose to follow him through his travel, but the route pursued was from Cairo to Suez, thence to Feiran, Ghebel Mousa, Nukhl, Beersheba, Jerusalem, the Jordan and the Red Sea, Tiberias, Beyrout, Lebanon, and Damascus. The greater portion of this tour is familiar enough in the narratives of countless travellers. But Dr. Stewart had a special object, which he kept in view steadily throughout his journey, the authentication of the Scripture narratives. Remembering this purpose, the reader will follow his footsteps with an interest which an ordinary tourist could not give to localities so often described. The learning as well as the powers of observation which the reverend traveller brought to bear upon his theme have given to this volume a permanent value beyond the mere amusement which the general reader usually looks for in travels. In accordance with his plan and purpose, his style is grave and earnest, but graphic withal. In proof we adduce some passages taken almost at random, and therefore fair specimens of the character of the work itself, which we can truthfully commend to readers who desire to extend their Biblical knowledge.

We do not remember to have read a more vivid picture than this of

THE SCENERY OF THE DESERT.

It is a delusion to suppose, as I remember doing before this journey, that the desert is a vast unbroken sea of fine light dry sand, which the slightest breeze will drive in clouds, threatening to engulf the traveller. There are spots, particularly near the shores of the Mediterranean, about El Arish and Gaza, where much of such fine sand is to be met with; but the prevailing character of the Egyptian desert, between the Nile and the Red Sea, and of the peninsular desert of Arabia, is that of a hard bed of gravel, tightly bound together, sinking into valleys and rising into mounds and elevated hills, and thickly sprinkled over (I refer more particularly in this and what follows to the Egyptian desert) with pebbles of a blackish-yellow hue, from the size of a pigeon's egg to that of a man's head. Mountain ridges of grey limestone and chalk, sometimes of great height, are seen running in different directions; and from the summit of one of those gravel hills, the view of similar hills, rising one beyond another, with corresponding depressions between each, for a whole day's journey, reminds one of the sea as seen from a ship's deck in the Atlantic after a gale. There is monotony in such a scene—without a tree, without a patch of cultivation or a human habitation in view; but yet, though it may seem paradoxical, the variety is wonderful, arising not only from the changing forms and shapes the hills assume as we advance among them, but from the constant change of colours they present from sunrise to sunset. In the wadis, which are the water-courses for the winter rains, there is always a little sand to be found produced by detritus; but any one who has ridden on a good macadamised road at home on a wintry March day, can understand how, from such a surface as that now described, a strong wind may raise sand and fragments of stone sufficient to annoy the traveller exceedingly, without its being necessary to suppose the desert, throughout its whole extent, a sea of shifting sand.

Here is

A VISIT TO AN ARAB CHIEF.

In a small recess hollowed out of the thickness of the wall, the Governor's carpet was spread on a platform of masonry about three feet above the ground; and this place served him for divan, reception hall, and court of justice. Having seated himself tailor fashion, he motioned me to a place by his side; while the Arabs, after their mode, crouched down upon their heels wherever they found room, and, without waiting for an invitation, began to light their pipes. From his appearance, I should suppose the Governor to be a man between thirty and forty years of age, of prepossessing manners and appearance, and in the activity of his movements more like a European than an Egyptian. Chibouks were served in due time; but never was man in a more awkward "fix" than I felt

myself placed in. The Effendi could speak no European language, and amongst his followers there was not one who could act as interpreter. My own I had left behind, on culinary thoughts intent, having had no intention to pay a ceremonious visit till next day; and my stock of Arabic, though now sufficient to get along with the Bedouins, was wholly inadequate to sustain a conversation. I told him—to borrow a nautical phrase—whence I hailed, whither bound, and the number of days I had been out; but, on the whole, the interview consisted rather in pantomimic signs than in words. We smiled to each other occasionally, and whiffed with mortal energy at our chibouks, to avoid the necessity of speaking. Many of the soldiers had by this time joined the throng, and lighted their pipes with as much sang froid as if they had been under the shadow of their own household gods, instead of in the presence of their commander; but not a word was uttered by the whole assemblage. Feeling at last the silence become too oppressive to bear, I told the Governor I would come to-morrow with my *Tar-gimda*, to pay him a proper visit, and, laying aside the pipe, rose to make my salâm. In this, however, I had reckoned without my host. He had showed me but half hospitality; the pipes had been served, but not the coffee; he begged me to be seated again. This ceremony over, I effected my escape, rejoicing to be free from my embarrassing position; but at the same time regretting my inability to hold free intercourse with such men as the one I had just left, as they always maintain a certain reserve when the conversation has to pass through an interpreter.

All Europeans are supposed by the Arabs of the desert to be skilful as physicians. Our traveller was urged to prescribe for two sick boys, and thus obtained an introduction to

AN ARAB'S HAREEM.

The outer door opened into a clean and well-kept court, formed like the threshing-floors in Italy, by a layer of mud evenly laid, and then hardened by the sun. Along the northern wall were built several small sleeping-rooms, the doors of which being open, discovered in each the usual mud-built divan, on which one or two blankets were spread. A room, separate from these, attached to the western wall, seemed to be the general family apartment. By the door of one of the sleeping-rooms the poor patient lay on a pillow basking in the sun. In front of these rooms, five females were sitting on the ground sifting Indian corn, and preparing to grind it for the evening meal; and as there was no one introduced by the *padrone* but the Frank, none of them deemed it necessary either to retire or to cover their faces with the yashmak. Two of the women were older than the rest; but whether they both stood in conjugal relation to the old greybeard beside me, I was not there to inquire, and no information was volunteered. The three girls were probably between the ages of thirteen and twenty; one of them was really beautiful, her olive complexion being relieved by the ruddy glow of health which crimsoned her cheeks, while her chin was not deformed, and the whole aspect of her countenance changed, by the *khâl* with which all the women of Egypt and the desert have that part of their face tattooed. These youngsters laughed heartily at my attempts to get at the nature of the boy's complaint by a medley of Arabic and Italian, interspersed with signs. The visit being paid, I got to the outer door just as Shaheen passed by, who looked exceedingly astonished at seeing his master emerge from an Arab habitation. I called him in to interpret; but no sooner had he and another Arab entered than a great fuss began among the women; some ran off into the harem, and the rest veiled themselves very closely.

Among other sights he beheld

A LEPER.

I often afterwards saw in Jerusalem, Nablous, and Damascus, the poor creatures who now go by the name of lepers, and whose disease seems to resemble elephantiasis; but this case was altogether different. There was no enlargement of the joints, or disfigurement of the shape of the limb; it was the veritable leprosy of Scripture, and the literal and appropriate description of the flesh is "white as snow." The disease had not yet spread over the whole thigh, though very nearly so; but, where it had extended, the flesh was as white as the paper on which I write, and the contrast between the parts thus affected and the dark bronze colour of the healthy skin around was very striking, especially where the latter was disappearing under the advancing disease. It was only a few months, he said, since this malady had begun. I shook my head, and told him I could do nothing for him.

Here is a curious Arab superstition:

THE EVIL GENIUS.

From this we passed into Wadi Abyad, which resembles in shape a large basin. It is well filled with shrubs, and near the middle of it is a cairn of stones covering the tomb of Sheikh Amri. The history of this sheikh I could not learn; but there is a curious superstition attaching to his grave. As we approached, the Arabs began to shout angrily, as if they were scolding some one. When I asked what this meant, they said they were scolding and abusing the sheikh. Some threw stones at it, and others ran to the tomb and committed indecencies upon it. The reason of

all this is, that Sheikh Amri is an evil genius; and if those who pass his tomb do not abuse and insult him, he is sure to send them some mishap before they reach the end of their journey; but if they bully him sturdily, he will lie still, and nothing will happen to them. I can answer for it, he got sufficient ill-treatment from my people to have raised a ghost instead of laying one. Shaheen told them that if they had dared to treat a sheikh's tomb in Egypt as they had done Amri's, they would be taken without ceremony and burned alive.

We have preferred to take from that portion of the narrative which describes the region rarely visited by travellers. It should be added that the volume is enriched with numerous illustrations.

"An American" has preserved in a small volume his reminiscences of that which now constitutes "the grand tour" of all educated and well-to-do citizens of the United States. He does not, however, attempt a formal narrative of his doings and seeings, but makes sketches of particular objects, which are thrown together without connection, each being complete in itself. They consist more of reflection than of description. He does not so much paint what he sees as tell us what impressions were made upon his mind. Hence the book is more properly the results of travel than travel itself. The impression, however, which his impressions produce upon us, is, that "The American" is somewhat vulgar. Take, for instance, his

NOTIONS OF NOBILITY.

To an American, visiting England for the first time, there is one object of curiosity which is, perhaps, for the moment, as strongly attractive to his fancy as any which the country possesses—namely, the sight of a British nobleman. He has read in English history and English novels about dukes and earls, barons and baronets; and his childhood's imagination has pictured the possessors of these high-sounding titles as a kind of superhuman personages. In his own country, there are only *men*; and, though man is declared to be created in the image of God—and in sober thought, therefore, he knows there can be nothing higher or nobler on earth than a *man*—yet he has an undefined idea that these great names must mean great things, and entertains a vague expectation that, in seeing a "lord," he shall behold, not exactly a man, but some sort of elegant monster. Accordingly, my curiosity was not a little aroused when, as I was standing in the hall of the Adelphi Hotel, a day or two after my arrival in Liverpool, I was informed that the Duke of — had just alighted from his carriage, and was entering. I looked with some eagerness towards the door, and beheld a tall and rather elderly person, of gentlemanly bearing, ascending the steps, followed by a young man, equally tall, and a little dashing in his appearance, who, I was told, was the Duke's son, Lord —. The Duke wore a rose in his button-hole, and his son had upon his head a light travelling-cap; they had just returned from a yachting excursion. As I looked after them ascending the stairs I drew a long breath, and exclaimed to myself, "Really—these are exceedingly like other people: is that all?"

Here are his

NOTIONS OF "THE THUNDERER."

The ruling powers of England might be ranged under three heads—namely, the Ministry, the Parliament, and the *Times* newspaper—the last, perhaps, the most potent of the three. That the English are fond of monarchy is shown in the fact that they must have a monarch even in their journalism. This king among journals is the *Times*; and the English bow down to his dominion, almost with the reverence of the orientals to their despots. Nay, they exalt this monarch above ordinary sovereigns, and make a Jupiter of him; for they call him the "Thunderer," and ministry, parliament, and people all "tremble at his nod." Even the aristocracy, who fear nobody else, are afraid of him. Yet, though trembling, they cling to him. They cannot eat their breakfast without his presence: breakfast and the *Times* are in their minds naturally associated. They dare not stir out to a "morning concert" at two o'clock, or creep sluggishly into the parliament-house at four or five, without having first paid their respects to the despot, listened to his remarks, and bowed to his commands. Not to have seen the *Times* is not to have waked in the morning. And to venture to go into parliament, without knowing what course of action has been prescribed by the "Thunderer," is to risk political ruin. Now, this species of despotism may have its good as well as its bad side: it may have its uses, just as the Popeedom has or once had; but, on the whole, it is odious and mischievous. For it is not the power of wisdom or truth that sustains this lofty dominion—it is simply custom and effrontery; and, above all, the might of *anonymity* (to coin a word for my purpose). In the first place, custom. The English are such reverers of custom—they are such lovers of old things merely because they are old—they have such a fear of disturbing "vested rights"—that the fact of this journal having held tyrannical dominion

for the last twenty or forty years is considered the very best reason why it should continue to hold it, and why every loyal Englishman should bow down before it. Then, its assurance fairly masters them: a voice that dares to speak out so boldly must, they think, have the right so to speak; just as in English travelling the stranger that puts on a haughty air, and finds fault, and gives orders sharply, is regarded by the vulgar as the real aristocrat, the true gentleman, and receives attention accordingly.

The power of the *Times* proceeds simply from this: that it echoes public opinion, or rather gives it voice, and does not create it.

His most curious essay is entitled "Anglicisms"—a kind of retort courteous upon us for the ridicule we cast upon Americanisms. We select some of these, for they teach us the truth of the saying, "Take the mote," &c.

ANGLICISMS.

One of the first peculiarities of speech that fall upon the ear of an American landing at Liverpool, or indeed in any part of England, is the use of the word *coals*, in the plural number: "coals are scarce," "coals are dear," "a ton of coals." This is an expression never heard in America, and at once distinguishes an Englishman. And it is a palpable impropriety. The name of a substance which, like this, is taken in the mass, and is in that manner bought, sold, and used, has no plural. Coal is a mineral. Like gold or iron: we do not say "golde," "silvers;" it would be as proper to say a "ton of irons" as a "ton of coals." It matters not though the iron be in parts or pieces, we speak of it in the mass, and say, "a ton of iron;" in like manner, should we say "a ton of coal," "coal is scarce," "coal is dear," and other like phrases. Another solecism, not perhaps universal, but found among English writers of great eminence at the present day, is the use of the word "directly" for "as soon as;" thus, "directly I came here," "directly I saw him," instead of "as soon as I came here," "as soon as I saw him." If I mistake not, it was Bulwer who first introduced this phrase—at least into books: it may have been, and probably was, current in London society before. I remember well the comments made upon it by our Boston critics, at the time Bulwer's novels first came out. The impropriety of the phrase is obvious; it lies in the omission of a term of comparison. The intention of the writer is to compare the times of the occurrence of two different events. "As soon as he saw him, he cried out." The idea to be expressed is, that a certain action, viz. "crying out," took place at the same moment with another circumstance, viz. "seeing him." But if I say, "directly I saw him," it is no more than saying, "I saw him directly;" it is a statement of an isolated fact, having no allusion to any other, and implying no comparison whatever. Thus, then, the idea in the writer's mind is not set forth by the phrase he uses, and he therefore has expressed himself defectively; and, as the expression is a departure from the idiom of the language, it is an impropriety, a solecism; and, being committed by an Englishman, it is an *Anglicism*.

And again:—

While on the subject of pronunciation, I may mention a few other peculiarities which I have observed in English speakers, particularly those of London—where, in fact, if my observations were correctly made, more numerous errors in pronunciation are to be detected than among educated persons in other parts of England—more affectations, certainly. For instance, it is not uncommon to hear knowledge called *no-ledge* (this is a parism). Neither and either are almost universally pronounced *nither, yther*.^{*} Door is spoken very broadly—somewhat like *dor*; and more, *mor*. Year is *yar* (or with but a slight sound of the *e*); and sure, *shor*. In fact, almost all words ending with the letter *r* are pronounced very broadly, with the mouth wide open. Henry I heard a certain distinguished lecturer pronounce as *Henry*, and children *childeren*; the same speaker called greatness *greatness*, and business *business*. He was exceedingly precise and distinct in his enunciation; and this, I suppose, was merely a little excess. I was much struck with a London musical lecturer's pronunciation of *how*, *cow*, and words of similar sound. He gave them almost the same sound as is heard in our New England country districts, and which is laughed at in Boston; thus, *hau*, *cou*. I do not think this pronunciation by any means universal; but I have observed a tendency towards it, even among the best educated speakers of the capital.

Mr. Fox's tour was through a well-known track to Rome, Florence, the Tyrol, Prague, and Berlin. But he also avoids a formal narrative: he has sought only to preserve, in some lively letters, the most pleasant reminiscences of the places he saw and the people he met. Mr. Fox's

^{*} It may be observed that the use of either instead of each is very common, as "on either side of the street" for "on each side." This is incorrect. *Either* means one or the other, but not both; as in the sentence, "Which will you have?—I will take either of them," meaning the one or the other; whereas *each* means both, but separately considered, as in the sentence, "Each world, the spiritual and the natural, has its joys"—meaning both worlds.

fault is trying to write too well. He is not content with saying what he has to say in the fewest and aptest words—he endeavours to say something out of the common, and hence too many words and not enough of ideas. But he is lively, cheerful, good-tempered, and resolved to please and be pleased with everybody and everything, and the volume is creditable to his heart as well as to his abilities.

We take one passage to exhibit his matter and manner:—

SCENES IN THE MARKET-PLACE AT ROME.

Yonder is a peasant woman from Tivoli, one of those whose queenly presence may have sometimes stirred up the muse of Horace, that dweller amongst glorious scenes, and a still grand people. See how stately she is; she does not know it though; she is simply Maria, a poor girl of Tivoli, and has no pretension to be the heroine of a painting, or a poem. But give her a richer dress, and she would look like the wife of a Consul, welcoming him home to his triumphs; give her a more modern and simple one, and she would change into one of our own modest home maidens, for there is something very sweet and gentle in her countenance, though she is little embrowned by the sun, and by labour. But was there ever a more upright, and graceful figure? one which impressed you more by the beautiful measure of its walk, by its graceful poise, and its perfect symmetry? Our artist friend takes his pencil again, and begins this time to sketch in earnest; but the three travellers, having finished their drawings of the market place at exactly the same instant, sheath their pencils, and after casting three indifferent glances at the peasant Princess of Tivoli, go off by a side street in search of fresh scenes. But that graceful figure is not long alone: for a young peasant not inferior in grace and bearing to the daughter of the mountains whom we have been looking at, leads a large mule into the market place, and before unloading his panniers, goes up to Maria, and addresses her, in that shy but yet familiar manner, which shows that a pretty good understanding has been established between them.

We were about to say that great simplicity and taste in colour was another very pleasing characteristic of the market places of Rome: it used once to be so, but it becoming far less so now; and the reason for this is, that the Papal States are invaded, not by the French and Austrian bayonets only, but also by English cottons. In this matter, if we consider it without reference to cheapness, convenience, or comfort, we are as little disposed to feel friendly towards the doings of other nations as towards those of our own countrymen; for where is the Roman peasant-girl who does not crown her black locks with a Manchester pattern? and where are now the simple bands of pure red or white which used once to adorn them? Yes; the artist in the market place must turn away with sadness from some of those fine classical groups so well draped in some respects, but who wear the badges of cheap clothing either on their heads or on their shoulders, and thus spoil the uniformity of their dress and the grace and symmetry of their appearance. But now the shades of evening are closing in, and the artist draws his broad hat down over his face, and looks more than ever like one of that renowned class whom you would shun in the narrow mountain gorge, or at this hour, even on the open Campagna: he stands also in the shadow of the wall, and not far from a picture of the Madonna, before which the people will kneel as they go away. The peasant of Albano and his little girl are here again, and they stop before that uncouth looking muttering their prayers. To this spot also come the peasant-girl of Tivoli and her lover, they who, proud and beautiful as they look, have never learned to read two words consecutively. To this spot also comes that broad-shouldered, gloomy looking man, with a small, dirty cloak thrown over his shoulders, and with a sidelong, suspicious glance, and a hand pressed on his side, as if it were accustomed to grasp the favourite weapon of the south. He, too, pays his devotions to the Madonna as fervently as the rest, and then also passes on. Finally, three figures returning to the market place also stop before the picture, and look at each other with wonder, as they see one figure after another going through its devotions; then, with a sturdy step, and a broad, honest smile, they move quickly away, and the artist has forgiven the three travellers for their sketching vagaries, because now they have awakened his sympathies for what is simple, true, and really holy.

There is a great deal of true artistic and poetical feeling in all this.

FICTION.

Below the Surface: a Story of English Country Life. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857. If this pleasant fiction did not thoroughly deserve its second title as *A Story of English Life*, we might perhaps be inclined to be a little captious with its former pretentious title of *Below the Surface*. Such a title means much, or it

means nothing. To satisfy its full measure requires a depth and a power—a depth of thought and observation and a power of analysis—such as few possess, and no untried man would dare to assert himself to be in the possession of. We all know that there is much below the surface which the skilful hand may touch and the learned eye explore; but they are not for every man's gaze, still less should they be brought directly under the notice of babes and sucklings. Occasionally a chance breeze blows aside the curtain, and all the world gets a hurried peep below the specious and fair-seeming surface of what we call society. When this happens, we deplore the publicity which daily journalism lends to the disgusting sight, and which, in our opinion, tends infinitely to augment the mischief done. From this our readers will understand that we do not consider those things which are below the surface as fitting subjects for general consideration—at any rate, that the lecturer should always be a very special one, and the audience very select.

But the author of this novel deserves little reproach for aught that he has done in that direction; for, to speak the truth, he has not gone below the surface at all. He has treated a well-constructed tale in a fresh and charming style; but there is certainly nothing in these pages which at all leads us to suspect that he sees much deeper into a stone wall than most people do. The characters brought upon the stage are naturally drawn, without the slightest straining after effect; the language is clear and good, and (if such an expression be allowable in criticism) the style is gentlemanly: many of the scenes are finely delineated; and some of them, indeed, display a dramatic power of no mean order. Such is our general impression about this novel, which will probably be in as much request among the book clubs as any other novel of the season. Perhaps if we were to look into the matter very closely we might suggest that the character of the hero, Oliver Nugent, is not sufficiently amiable to win from the reader that unreserved sympathy which his goodness deserves. We must confess that to us he has a little too much of the coldly conscientious Puritan to enable us to love him thoroughly. It may be a proof of very good Protestantism, but we must doubt the sincerity of a manly love which is upset by finding a parcel of "Popish books" hid in his wife's mattress. Cold dinners on Sundays may, moreover, be very good things in their way; but we can hardly understand a newly-married Benedict having a serious difference with his wife because her mother and some friends dropped in to picnic with a hot partridge or two. There is something stern and cold about Oliver Nugent throughout, and even in his tenderest moments he reminds us of Martin Luther, when he confessed to his wife that he liked her "almost as well as his Commentary on Galatians." But the character of Gertrude is sweet and perfect. We cannot but admire the delicate taste with which the author has managed the train of evidence which leads the husband, in the most natural manner possible, to suspect the virtue of his wife, without ever leaving the reader in one moment's doubt as to her perfect innocence. Though the proofs are (as Othello has it) "damning," no one can fail to see that she is a victim of misconception from the beginning to the end. Meddling mothers-in-law may take a lesson from the character of Lady Maud Usherwood, which is by no means overdrawn. Many minor points are capital hit off; such as the character of Miss Beverley, in which the exaggerated sentimentalism which leads young ladies who are exceptionally compelled to work for their living to believe that they are persecuted victims is fairly caricatured. The following passage in connection with this may be quoted, as a specimen of the style in which the whole story is told.

She was far better off than many of her sex, her equals in rank and in means. She was far happier than her cousin Mary, who married the solicitor's clerk in London, and had to bring up seven overgrown children in a small and smoky lodging, and endure the wear and tear of a soured husband who kept late hours. She was more comfortable than her bosom friend Amelia, who ran away with an ensign living on fifty pounds a year and his pay; and, after dawdling away two years in various small towns in the United Kingdom, mending her husband's linen, quarrelling with the other officers' wives, and racking her brains to pay her milliner's bill at each change of quarters, was one morning, with her husband and his company, huddled on board an unwieldy transport, and duly borne across the Atlantic to the

stifling West Indies. She spent a more enjoyable life than her elder sister, who clubbed together with two old maids to live independent and without an object, in an effete watering-place, where she sank into confirmed dyspepsia. Unfortunately, however, Miss Beverley, Lady Maud's governess, a year or two previous to the period we are speaking of, although tolerably happy, doing her duty, and enjoying her music, her books, and her walks, and putting by, out of a salary of a hundred pounds a year, a handsome portion against future contingencies, attracted the commiseration of one of Lady Maud's visitors, Sir Elliott Prichard, a man of intellect, with profound views of human society. He talked to her eloquently on the grievances of her sex, and especially of that fraction of it who came under the denomination of governess. She listened deferentially, and found out to her surprise that she was a miserable woman.

In the development of his story the author has taken occasion to expose what he considers evils in the management of our poorhouses and of our private lunatic asylums. The Marylebone flogging case, and Mr. Snape's shower-baths, were evidently in his mind when he delineated two episodes which are introduced.

Repeating our belief that the novel both will be and ought to be very popular, we take leave of it with a hint that the name of a baronet is mentioned in connection with the authorship; but that, as he has not chosen to put his name upon the title-page, it would perhaps be considered indiscreet were we to repeat it. We cannot, however, promise the same reticence when he next makes his appearance; and, indeed, there will then be no reason for concealment. When success has been achieved it is too much modesty in the debutant to hide himself from the greeting of the public.

Barchester Towers. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of "The Warden," 3 vols. London: Longman and Co.

Nightshade: a Novel. By WM. JOHNSTON, M.A. London: Bentley.

The Rival Suitors: a Novel. By Mrs. HUBBACK. 3 vols. London: Skeet.

CONTINUATIONS of fiction are always failures—that is, as compared with their predecessors. Cooper and Bulwer are not exceptions, although their attempts were more successful than any others. The cause is not difficult to discover. If the first fiction is a good one, it is complete in itself; it has a catastrophe, and there we leave it, and if we think of it at all we like to remember it as a whole. A continuation of it cannot revive an interest felt long ago. We feel it to be a sort of desecration to bring the same personages before us in some new shape, in new characters and costumes. They are not the same to us, and no skill can make them such; they are strangers in borrowed manners and dresses, aping the looks and tones, but wanting the spirit of reality and truth.

Mr. Trollope has not succeeded better in this endeavour than those greater novelists who have gone before him. *Barchester Towers* is a continuation of "The Warden," with the same heroine widowed, and marrying a second time. But, apart from the difficulty of the attempt to coin a plot out of such materials, there is the same want of skill in the invention of a story which we had noticed in "The Warden." Mr. Trollope, however, like his mother, does not write novels for the purpose of telling a story, but to exhibit character and illustrate certain phases of modern society. That is the aim of *Barchester Towers*. It is levelled at the religious feuds of our day—the parties that divide the Church; and satire is unsparingly levelled against such as do not accord with the author's opinions or sympathies. Mrs. Bold, the widow, the Eleanor Harding of "The Warden," is courted by three suitors, who are thus contrasted with one another; and we are introduced to High Church and Low Church parsons, and an Evangelical Bishop—Mr. Trollope's tendencies being strongly against the Low Church, which he does not omit to present in the most unfavourable aspect, as a novelist always can, if he pleases; and for which reason it is that we have systematically denounced polemical fictions as an unfair method of warfare, and a perversion of the design of fiction, which is to teach virtue by example, not to introduce controversy or dogmatism, in the form of a narrative. Apart from this objection, *Barchester Towers* is entitled to critical praise. It is clever in its sketches of character, and in its somewhat

malevolent satire. As a satire it is amusing; but it will convince nobody. Mr. Trollope has powers which, applied to a more genial theme, would give him a high place in fiction.

The same objection, only to a still greater extent, applies to *Nightshade*. It is an attack on Roman Catholicism, and more especially on Jesuitism. The tale, if it may be so termed, is the attempt to convert two orphan sisters to the Romish Church, partly for the sake of their souls, but chiefly for the sake of their fortunes. To this end the Jesuits forge a will, and by forcible abduction carry off the two sisters to the Continent, where they are conveyed to convents first, and afterwards to dungeons. One Charles Annandale, a Protestant of course, comes to their rescue, releases them from their thralldom, exposes the Jesuit plots, and restores the young ladies to home and fortune. Such is this absurd and improbable fiction, contrived purposely to enable the author to give vent to extremely un-Christian emotions and hatreds, which he does in the style and manner of a schoolboy.

"The Wife's Sister" was Mrs. Hubback's most successful novel. It was remarkable for its vivid portraiture. The personages who played their parts in it lived and moved before us—realities, and not abstractions. This recommended it to favour, in spite of many faults of structure and composition. *The Rival Suitors* preserves the merits and avoids some of the defects of its predecessor. It is a better plot, and the writing is more natural and unaffected, while the characters are equally of flesh and blood. Mrs. Hubback has profited by practice and experience. Beginners are always too anxious about what they think to be style; they are not content to put their thoughts into plain words, and so let their style adapt itself to their thoughts, as naturally it would, and thus become their own; but they must needs go out of the way to look for a dress in which to clothe their ideas—and usually they copy the dress of some author already famous, and so appear to the world as poor imitators. If Mrs. Hubback continues to improve as she has done, she will take a very high place in fiction. We can commend *The Rival Suitors* to the libraries. It will not sleep upon the shelves.

Gossip. By HENRY MORLEY. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

MR. MORLEY is already well known to the reading public as the author of "Palissy the Potter," "Jerome Cardan," and other works equally noticeable for an elegant, even a refined style, and great power of humour. The volume of *Gossip* now before us is a collection of papers contributed by him to *Household Words*, and now republished, with the consent of the conductors of that excellent periodical. Thus brought together, they make a very pleasant and readable book; and, as most of Mr. Morley's writings will bear a second perusal, it will be no disadvantage to the popularity of this volume that its contents are already so widely known. We have only to mention that "A House full of Horrors;" "A Free and Easy School;" "The Club Surgeon;" and "Apartments Furnished," are included in the collection, to give the readers of *Household Words* a good opinion of it.

Eustace Conyers: a Novel. By JAMES HANNAY. London: Chapman and Hall. 1857.

A CHEAP reprint of a well-known work. We are not now called upon to sit in judgment either upon Mr. Hannay or *Eustace Conyers*: the former has long been tried and approved, in spite of his little failings in the way of abusing the naval authorities and overrating the importance of "blood" and the classics; and the latter is popular enough to be considered standard. So we only notify the publication of this cheap edition.

Under the Lime Trees. By Caroline Ricketts (Booth).—A tale in one volume, whose claim to attention is a lively and pleasant style of narrative, but the incidents are very common-place, and the plot is wanting in ingenuity of construction. The authoress has designed to inculcate a moral; but a moral should be felt, not seen.

Miss Meteyard has printed in Berlin, and published in England (A. Hall and Co.) a story in four chapters, entitled *Dr. Oliver's Maid*—very romantic, but written with excellent feeling.

The Sister of Mercy; or, Retribution, by Cameronia (Wilson), is as badly written as it is ill devised.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Sylvia; or the Last Shepherd, and other Poems. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Philadelphia: Parry and McMillan. London: Trübner and Co.

Songs of Summer. By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. London: Trübner and Co.

Poems. By HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN. Boston: Ticknor and Co.

(THE poems we have received from America during the last two or three years have been really sane productions, if we except "Leaves of Grass," by Mr. Walt Whitman.) They have been tolerably free from swagger, from national exaggeration, from excessive colour, and from that questionable smartness which in American prose has been instrumental in the manufacture of travelling monsters. (It may be that only poems which have some character and standing find their way to our table, and therefore we are in no safe position to judge the American poets as a body.) A few rich and beautiful flowers, brought by a friendly hand from a strange garden, to make a breathing summer in our sanctum and fill it with perfume, may indicate the care and taste by which they have been reared, but would hardly be proof positive that there were no inferior flowers where those lovely ones had blown. (Decidedly, the few books which we receive by the courtesy of our American friends are too meritorious to be an average sample of the bulk.) That very large "store" on the other side of the Atlantic which contains the metrical wealth—and it is not a little—of a people of vast enterprise and restless intellect, must have some inferior samples on hand which are not offered in the English markets. Even leaders in the *Times*, by which rickety politicians swear, are sometimes weak and often dreary; why then should American minds be exempt from the ordinary infirmity of mortality? (In their commercial currency, as in ours, the Americans have copper coin; why should they not have, as we, the basest metal in their poetic currency? To say the least, those poems which have reached us lately show a refined cultivation. We have not met with such poor shamblers on the threshold of art as we too frequently meet in English versifiers; but, on the other hand, we have been startled by those who have attitudinised and carried minstrelsy into contortions. The "Virginalia" of Mr. Chivers was such a work. Ability was there sacrificed to syllabic excesses as if it were the whole duty of the poet to discover words which a reader cannot understand.) Depend upon it, there is no living pulse in that tortuous verse which necessitates the use of a dictionary.

It is remarkable how the highest flights of Shakspeare's genius seem but the soaring imagination of whoever happens to be reading the pages of Shakspeare, so wonderfully does the greatest of all authors draw the mind of the student up to a broad contemplation of his own grandeur. The test of true genius lies in the ability to elevate, and not in the power to astonish or depress. In the perusal of some authors the reader feels how far below them he is groping his intellectual path; the giants he is contemplating only make him the more painfully conscious that he himself belongs to the prolific family of dwarfs. The reason of this is too apparent; it lies in the fact that those authors present themselves in a distant and purely intellectual attitude, and not, as Shakspeare does, by familiarising the grandest mental images. Now, if we have never been able to understand, or sympathise with, the mind of Mr. Walt Whitman, whom some of the American critics "damn," not with "faint" but with loud praise, it is not in consequence of its distant and elevated grandeur, but simply because it lies beyond the circle of sanity. America, though a young country, has nevertheless many sensible, tasteful, and genial poets, and the three whose names head our present article are among the gifted number.

We give priority of place to Thomas Buchanan Read; first, because he, of the three, has the most illustrative power; and, secondly, because the name is not new to us. It must be now nearly five years ago that we offered in these pages a few laudatory remarks of a volume of poems by this author. We cannot say that we are quite satisfied with what Mr. Read has been doing in these valuable five years—that is, if this volume, *Sylvia and other Poems* is put forward as the grand result of the poet's studies. It is not such a

stalwart manhood as we anticipated from so vigorous a youth. In these poems, as in the former ones, the fancy is exceedingly rich and active. There is the early enthusiasm and the early rapture, flowing unchecked wherever and whenever the beautiful is found; but the poet has not reached our standard, only because he has not surpassed the first excellence of his muse. If it is true that we have planted this standard on a lofty and precipitous hill, where it serves only to show the terror and difficulty of the ascent, we can only say that the poet himself suggested the situation. The much that he had done indicated the capacity to do more. In this volume we have looked in vain for anything to equal, least of all to excel, that splendid image of "A Deserted Quay," written by Mr. Read long ago, and which has been very properly inserted among what are termed "Brilliant" in a very excellent work now in process of compilation entitled "Beautiful Poetry." We give the verse, for it cannot be repeated too often:

The old, old sea, as one in tears,
Comes murmuring with his foamy lips,
And, knocking at the vacant pier,
Calls for his long lost multitude of ships.

Though nothing in the new volume equals the vivid reality of this individual passage, still Mr. Read has extended, if he has not intensified, the empire of beauty. (What we always admired and still admire in his muse is its pictorial freshness and its flexibility. You do not detect the touches and traces of that anxious care and labour—no great work of art is produced without care and labour—which must have visited the breast of the poet.) The lark, which rains down a flood of what to the listener is joyous melody, may yet feel, though he does not show, alarm for the safety of his little nest which lies under his trembling limbs. May it not be instinct in that delightful songster to sing best and freest when some truant foot approaches his lowly nest, so as to draw aside the attention of the intruder? Something in this way it is with the minstrel; for the triumph of his art is most complete when you do not see the elementary growth of art, when you mark the dazzling result without perceiving the shadows through which it has passed. We will present an extract, in which it will be seen that the exceeding vividness of fancy is balanced and set off by simplicity of expression:

THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.

Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of the long triumphal march;

Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.

Onward, for ever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan;
And the Moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.

And some were bright in beauty,
And some were faint and small,
But these might be in their great heights
The noblest of them all.

Downward, for ever downward,
Behind Earth's dusky shore
They passed into the unknown night,
They passed, and were no more.

No more! oh, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through heated dust.

The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.

And though the hills of Death
May hide the bright array,
The marshalled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its onward way.

Upward, for ever upward,
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of Time.

And long let me remember,
That the faintest fainting one
May to diviner vision be
A bright and blazing sun.

It may be said that this poem reminds one of Longfellow; so it does, but not in the thought—only in the sunny medium through which thought passes.

We have marked another poem for extract, which shows that particular power in which we consider the poet is strongest—the power which by the agency of a figure invests inanimate nature with all the potency of life:

WINTER.

Lo, winter comes, and all his heralds blow
Their gusty trumpets, and his tents of snow
Usurp the fields from whence and Autumn flies,—
Autumn, that finds a southern clime or dies.
The streams are dumb with woe,—the forest grieves,
Wailing the loss of all its summer leaves:
As some fond Rachel on her childless breast
Clasps her thin hands where once her young were prest;
Then flings her empty arms into the air,
And swells the gale with her convulsed despair.

In the power of reproducing circumstances and situations to the mental gaze of a reader Mr. R. H. Stoddard cannot be said to equal Mr. Read. (He too frequently weakens the graphic force of his picture by a superabundance of words. He sings too often when there is nothing to excite song, or rather he assumes a rhythmic manner for the mere sake of rhythm, and not because some fine thought is forcing itself into melody.) This mode of amplification is not very serious—it may be avoided in another volume; but pending that time we must not forget that Mr. Stoddard has produced some poems of individual rarity. In this volume there are what may be properly called splendid conceits, fantastical enough, but still so uncommon and even beautiful that we consider them the gems of the poet's performance. Here is such:

The sky is a drinking cup,
That was overturned of old,
And it pours in the eyes of men
Its wine of airy gold!

We drink that wine all day,
'Till the last drop is drained up,
And are lighted off to bed
By the jewels in the cup!

This little poem will show that Mr. Stoddard can be compact enough when he chooses, and that he can paint with fanciful fineness. One fact is very much to his credit, he never affects a grandiloquent manner, and his meaning is never doubtful.

One more extract will show that Mr. Stoddard knows how to finish a poem, which is rather more difficult than some persons imagine:

THE FALCON.

In-doors in a summer day, like this,
I pine with a fancied wrong;
But out in the sunshine, out in the wind,
My soul is a falcon strong.

The brave bright sun, so merry and old—
He lends his strength to my wings,
And I soar till I see the golden gate
Where the lark at morning sings.

But let my lady summon me back,
I come as a falcon should,
Out of the sunshine, out of the wind,
And yield my eyes to the hood!

It does not detract one iota from the merit of Mr. Tuckerman to say that he is less speculative than the two poets we have just noticed. His claim to our praise lies in his descriptive ability, for he delineates with a keen appreciation of truth. There is no man in America less likely to sink into meanness of expression, or to swell into inflated phrase, than Mr. Tuckerman. (His muse is generally eloquent, but, not to bestow the highest laudation, the eloquence never soars into sublimity.) It is much gain to the world that a poet like this never distorts a beautiful form or image. When the imagination has free scope, as in the contemplation of the celebrated "Greek Slave," Mr. Tuckerman shows himself to be a poet of considerable force. We do not consider his longest poem, "The Spirit of Poetry," his best. The theme is hackneyed, and does not try the mental endurance of the writer, because it is no difficult task for a minstrel to sit at home in his comfortable arm-chair, and at the same time be on a mental expedition round the world for the express purpose of enumerating a list of poetical objects. There are higher and severer tests for the intellect than this. Still, what Mr. Tuckerman has attempted, though not the highest effort of mind, he has worked out with a refined taste. We shall conclude our article by showing the calibre of this poet, as we have the others, and at the same time it will furnish an example of what America is doing for the glorious cause of literature. We quote from a portion of a very sweet poem, entitled

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

How blithely trails the pendent vine!
The grain slope lies in green repose;
Through the dark foliage of the pine
And lofty elms the sunshine glows.

Like sentinels in firm array
The trees of life their shafts uprear;
Red cones upon the sunae play,
And ancient locusts whisper near.

From wave and meadow, cliff and sky,
Let thy stray vision homeward fall;
Behold the mist-bloom floating nigh,
And hollyhock white-edged and tall.

Its gaudy leaves, though fanned apart,
Round thick and mealy stamens spring,
And nestled to its crimson heart
The sated bees enamoured cling.

Mark the broad terrace flecked with light,
That peeps through trellises of rose,
And quivers with a vague delight
As each pale shadow comes and goes.

The fifth edition of Bon Gaultier's *Book of Ballads* (Blackwood and Sons) is beautifully printed and tastefully bound; and the illustrations (by Doyle, Leech, and Crowquill) are humorous in the extreme.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Phantasmata; or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms productive of great Evils. By R. R. MADDEN, Esq. 2 vols. Newby.

Few subjects more interesting to the philosopher, or of more practical utility to the statesman and the legislator, could be found for a thoughtful man than that which Mr. Madden has treated without thought in these two ponderous volumes. Popular delusions and manias have been so frequent, have affected men of all classes, at all times, and in all countries, that they cannot be accidental diseases; they must have their root in some principle of our nature, common to humanity. What is the physiology of a popular delusion? By what subtle process is it that the mind of one man becomes infected, not by the feelings only, but by the opinions and convictions of other men, and not by any process of reasoning, but by a sort of sympathy. What mean the "manias," that are almost periodical? The wisest who partake them cannot explain them after they are over; they cannot tell why they fell into the folly. If Mr. Madden had brought together the mass of materials which he has here put into print almost without a plan, and classifying them not in chronological order, but according to the characters of the various delusions, had endeavoured to ascertain what features were common to all and to what classes, and what connection there was between the particular mania and the general mental physiology of those whom it infected, and of the time in which it was produced, he might have done much towards elucidating one of the most mysterious of the many mysteries of mental science. But he has not even attempted anything of the sort. *Phantasmata* is merely a collection of popular delusions—a commonplace-book put into type, with very little regard to arrangement, with no care to verify or to separate the false from the true, and with no labour expended upon the ordinary duties of an editor. Extracts in all their prosiness are put together without the joiner's art, as if the object had been to swell the bulk of a book, which, brought within a reasonable compass and well arranged, might have been full of interest and instruction, even if the author had ventured nothing more than the narration of facts, leaving to others the duty of philosophising upon them.

As it is, he has only performed the work of an amanuensis. He has brought together a huge mass of material, which other more judicious writers will make use of and turn into a valuable contribution to our knowledge of mental physiology; while he, whose researches and toil found and worked the mine, will be forgotten and have no fame, because he threw up slag and ore together, and took no pains to separate the ore from the dross. If ever it should reach a second edition, we would recommend Mr. Madden to reduce its bulk by one half at least, and he might do so without omitting a single fact or striking out anything worth reading or preserving.

Mr. Madden states the result of his reflections.

The greatest fanaticisms this world ever saw have not originated with the poor, the unenlightened, and uneducated; they have originated with the educated classes, with those who do not labour manfully for their bread. Fanatics who have attained to the eminence of leaders of their fellow enthusiasts, have generally been persons of abilities and acquirements; clever, shrewd, and, in the common acceptance of the term, "educated men."

This is too true, and it should teach us that education is not the panacea for social ills which it is the fashion to consider it. How many of the ills we term moral are in truth physical may be learned from this passage, quoted by Mr. Madden from Sir Philip Crampton:

Much of the error that prevails upon the subject of diseases, and their remedies, depends on the notion so generally entertained by unprofessional persons, that

the nerves and the imagination, and consequently "nervous" and "imaginary" diseases are synonymous terms; that diseases of this class have no existence but in the distempered fancies of the patients, or in some indescribable commotion of the "nervous influence;" and it is a matter of common observation, that in such diseases there is a great subserviency to moral impression, it is concluded that the *body* is affected, but in a secondary way, and that the disease being in the mind, is more properly a subject for moral than for medical discipline. When such a disease, therefore, is cured by a strong mental excitement, the effect is considered as quite natural and simple; but a broad line is drawn between diseases of this class, and those in which there is a sensible derangement in the functions of the organs, or a tangible alteration in their structure; here they say is physical derangement; here the "nerves" (considered as synonymous with the imagination) have nothing to do with the matter. But anatomy suggests a very different view of the subject: from thence we learn that the animal body consists of two distinct parts, namely, a part that *feels* and a part that *moves*. The sentient part consists of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves, which, taken together, constitute what is called the nervous system. The moving parts consist of the muscles and the internal organs, as the heart, arteries, lungs, and, in short, all the organs (with the exception of the brain and nerves) which are subservient to the functions of life. But it can be proved that the moving parts derive their power of feeling and of moving exclusively from the nervous system, because the dividing a nerve utterly deprives the part to which its branches are distributed of sensation as well as motion; and it can be proved that the nervous system is equally affectable, or liable to be acted upon, by moral and by physical agency. It follows, then, that no limits can be assigned to the influence which the nerves, and through them the moral affections, or (to use the common expression) the imagination, may exercise on the animal economy in health and in disease. But there are certain moral feelings which have a power, not only to degrade the functions, but to destroy the structure, of certain organs; thus long protracted grief produces diseases of the liver, heart, and lungs; and the anatomist, who examines the body which has sunk under the workings of a wounded spirit, will find the sentiment embodied in the disorganised liver, the tuberculated lungs, or the flaccid and extenuated heart. Again, diseases of physical origin in the heart, liver, or lungs, excite the corresponding moral affections with which these organs are

associated; thus a palpitating heart fills the bosom with vague terrors, and a torpid liver entails all the horrors of hypochondriasis.

The yellow bile, that on your bosom floats,
Engenders all those melancholy thoughts.
DRAIDEN.

Essays and Sketches. By the late WILLIAM PITT SCARGILL, Author of "Truckleborough Hall," &c. London: Hardwick.

MR. SCARGILL was one of the most humorous writers of his day. The name will be strange to many readers, but not so his works. Who has not enjoyed many a hearty laugh over his pages, pervaded as they are with fun—which nevertheless was not mere jesting, but had an object always? His miscellaneous papers, most of them contributed, we believe, to periodicals, are collected in a neat and cheap volume; and, as they preserve all the peculiarities of the author's style, they cannot fail to be acceptable to readers of every class and age. There is wisdom as well as wit in them. Occasionally we come upon passages of lofty eloquence and earnestness.

The Reason Why. London: Houlston and Co.

A COLLECTION of some hundreds of reasons for things which, though generally believed, are imperfectly understood. Questions are given on all sorts of subjects, and then the answers. For instance:—"Have vegetables heat?" "Why do hail-storms most frequently occur by day?" "What are the uses of the bones?" &c. &c. The questions are classified. The answers are put in language intelligible to the unlearned. It is a book that might be properly studied by all, but which will be equally useful in schools and families.

A collection of papers, critical and biographical, by George Lunt, comes to us from America (Boston: Ticknor). It is entitled *Three Eras of New England*. Some of them were "addresses" on public occasions, and others were lectures. They are distinguished by very eloquent language, but by no novelty of thought.

Dr. Wilson has published a third edition of his treatise on *The Water Cure: its Principles and Practice*, copiously illustrated by "CAROL."

A second series of *Essays*, by Theophilus Parsons (Boston: Nichols), is a semi-religious, semi-philosophical work, on such themes as "The Seeming and the Actual," "The Ministry of Sorrow," and "The

Senses." We have tried in vain to understand the author's meaning. He is too profound for us.

The Army: its Traditions and Reminiscences, by "A Peninsular Officer," is the substance of lectures delivered on this subject to the Metropolitan Literary Association. It is lecture-like in substance and form, and therefore scarcely worth printing.

Mr. W. H. Smith has published an *Inquiry touching Players, Playhouses, and Play-writers in the days of Elizabeth* (J. R. Smith). Mr. Smith puts forward the suggestion that the plays attributed to Shakespeare were really written by Lord Bacon. He adduces many passages from both having a certain similitude, but no more than would be likely to arise where two authors of fame are contemporaries. The essay is ingenious and amusing, and sometimes there are startling imitations; but the utmost that it points to is, that either Bacon or Shakespeare was a plagiarist.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *Irish Metropolitan Magazine* is a new enterprise, promising well. It commences an interesting novel, entitled "Life's Foresadowings," and the chapters descriptive of the Last Days of Sebastopol are extremely graphic.

Bentley's Miscellany has a full-length pen and ink portrait of Macready, by Mr. Grinstead; a tale, entitled "The Wolf's Betrothed," and a continuation of Mr. Costello's novel.

The *Art Journal* engraves from the Royal Collection Winterhalter's "Amazon" and Rembrandt's "Noli me tangere," in which the characteristic effects of the artists are marvellously preserved by the skill of the engraver. Clarkson Stanfield is the living artist selected for illustration, and we have three beautiful woodcuts of his best works. Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Book of the Thames and the Ancient Art of the Crystal Palace are the other illustrated articles.

Newton's London Journal of the Arts is a valuable record of the progress of invention in art and science.

The *London University Magazine* reviews Sir R. Peel's memoirs, and treats of national education; but it would be as well not to attempt such lofty flights.

Routledge's *Shakespeare*, Part VI., contains the "Taming of the Shrew" and "King John," profusely illustrated.

Part III. of the *Parallel Edition of the Scriptures* gives in parallel lines the existing version, the Greek text, and the proposed revised version. It will be an invaluable book to Biblical students.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

Men permit themselves to say many evil things of women, and say as little about their own failings as possible. They say some good things of women. Up to a certain point they laud them as angels, charmers, lights of life; they are enchanting, adorable. We lavish upon them no end of agreeable adjectives. Beyond this point, the whereabouts of which we do not pretend to determine, they are abrews, vixens, furies, gossips, gadabouts, and untameable as the hyena. For as much as we praise and extol them we consider that our censures should abound. Men believe that they have a hand in every evil under the sun. They are the foes of man and the foes of their own sex. Alphonse Karr, who should know something about the matter, says: "Women, for the most part, do not love us; they do not choose a man because they love him, but because they like to be loved by him." Then, again, he says: "The friendship of two women is never but a plot against a third." What awful creatures they must be! "Women," he says also, "are taken by painters to represent the greatest scourges of humanity—war, famine, pestilence, death, the Fates, the Furies, Sirens." This time, however, he casts something into the opposite scale. "Some of the most beautiful things are signified by women—justice, virtue, pity, benevolence, glory." Then he tells us that women are extreme in everything, and adds that avarice is a feminine word; but the painters have never dared to represent an avaricious woman—they have always chosen a man to represent this horrible passion. Again, although at one period we may admire beautifully-attired women, as we may admire the colour of their hair or the tint of their cheeks—at another we turn wickedly round and say, with Charles Noddy, that of all creatures cats, flies, and women lose most time at their toilette. Old men are made warlocks, and we shun or pass by them civilly; old women are made witches, and we roast or drown them. The warlock may be

propitiated; he is dangerous only when provoked; but the witch is purely malicious. Who bewitches the cattle, turns the milk, withholds the butter, sours the beer, cooks hell-broth and toad-stews, and does more mischief than one can well reckon up? Woman, the witch. Women have been sad creatures from the beginning, and it is easy to prove it. In the old French *Roman du Renard*, attributed to Perrot de Saint-Cloud, the poet recounts the creation of the world. Man and woman being created, God gave Adam a branch:

Adam tint la branche en sa main;
En mer fêrit devant Evaïn:
Sitôt qu'en la mer il fêrit,
Une brebis hors en sallit, &c.

Adam took the branch and smote the sea and forth came a sheep, Eve took the branch and did the same, when forth came a wolf which carried off the sheep. Adam smote a second time, when forth came a dog, which pursued and killed the wolf. Nothing good, according to the poet, can proceed from woman, and every thing she produces must partake of her indomitable nature. There is an Eastern legend to the same effect:—At the instant God created Adam, and when the soul entered his body, Adam sneezed. Eve did the same. From the sneeze of the man sprang the lion; from that of the woman the cat. There is no end to the bad things that have been said of women by the male sex, many of them no doubt heretical, disloyal, and untrue, but believed nevertheless. We have written this much to introduce two Finnish tales, which must be true. The first is of the gossiping wife, and how she was punished.

There lived one time a wedded pair. The wife was a dreadful gossip; whatever she learned privately she told to the whole village. The husband was a good fowler and fisher. One day he went out with his nets and snares, and found in the forest a treasure, and began immediately to consider how he should be able to get it quietly home, as his wife told everything without loss of a moment. The same day he caught in his creel a pike, and in his gin a woodcock,

and made both exchange places; the woodcock he put into the creel and the pike into the gin. Then he went home and said to his wife, "I have found a treasure in the forest; let us go in the morning to bring home the money." "What, hast thou found a treasure?" and instantly she would have gone off into the village, to tell the matter to her gossips; but the husband withheld her and they went to bed together. When the morning was come they both took sacks and went out into the forest. On their way they came to a pond. Said the man: "Let us stay an instant and see whether I have taken anything." First they examined the creel, and there was a woodcock; next the gin, and there was a pike. After this discovery they went to a certain spot in the forest, filled their sacks with gold, and took their way homewards. Arrived at the village, the man had great trouble to prevent his wife stepping aside to gossip. Once she escaped him between two farmhouses, where a dog was barking loudly, and he called after her: "Come back, woman, and do not be witness to a wife beating her husband!" She obeyed; and so they brought their treasure home, no one being the wiser of it. They lay down to sleep; but when the morning was grey the gossip started off for the village, and entered the house where yesterday she had intended to slip in, and began to tell all. "Yesterday we found a treasure; in the forest we found it. My old man found it the evening before yesterday, and told me about it; but it was too late to bring it home that day, so we went out yesterday and brought home two sacksful as large as—" "Where found you the treasure?" interrupted the Goodman of the house. "There, in the forest!" cried the woman, hastily. "Matt and I went out together, and first we looked at his catchings. What do you think? In the creel there was a woodcock, and in the gin a pike! We took them out and went on, and—" "You lie, woman!" broke in the farmer again; "you tell bare lies. When did ever a fowl come into a creel, or a fish into a gin?" "O, believe me!" cried the woman; "yes, all was as I have said; and we went on and filled two sacks with money, and brought them home, and we brought them into the village just at the time when your wife was beating you!" "Confounded story-teller!" exclaimed the farmer, and gave the narrator a sound box on the ear; "when and where have I had the

stick from my wife? In all your chatter there is not a word of truth; pack off, or—” The gossip saw she could no longer prevail; she took to her heels and ran home, and was henceforward more prudent and discreet in her speech.

He who will not believe the story of the gossiping wife may, perchance, believe that of the scolding wife:

There was once a man and a woman, who led together an unhappy life, and the man had no rest because his wife was always growling and scolding. One day he escaped from her, and went into the forest, and there he discovered a pit so deep that the bottom could not be seen. He had a mind to leap into it, so great was his misery; but when he turned his eyes towards the glorious firmament other thoughts came into his head. He did not jump into the pit, but he ran home, where he received a good scolding from his wife; but this he did not care for now. He went boldly up to his tormentor, and said, “Go and bring home money; I have found a treasure in the forest.” “Eh, a treasure! Where did you find it, my dear little man? Let us go and fetch it without delay, or others may get it;” and the wife scolded no more that day. The two went out together in a friendly manner, and on the way the wife asked the husband where the treasure was to be found, and when they had reached the pit the man said: “Down there lies the gold; go to the brink and behold it!” The woman went up cautiously to the mouth of the pit, and stretched out her neck to perceive the bottom, and the man, who pretended to be holding her behind, quitted his grasp, and the bad woman tumbled down headlong. After a few days the man was tired of being alone and without a mate, and he said to himself: “It was hard to live with a plague of a wife, and it is hard to live without her.” So thinking, he attached a long rope to a pole, and went to the pit to draw up his scolding partner should she be still alive. He went with his tackle to the mouth of the pit and let down his rope, and some one below seized it. When he drew it up again he saw a face which was not his wife’s, but that of another. At this he was greatly surprised, and thought to himself: “Why should I be bothered with a strange woman?” and he took out his knife and was about to cut the rope when the strange person untreated him: “Do not so, my friend, but help me out!” The man was moved to pity on beholding the anguish of the woman, so he drew her out. She was highly rejoiced, and thanked the man, and said: “It is well you have drawn me out of the pit, for the day before yesterday such a terribly wicked woman came down that it is impossible to live with her.” “Ha! you have fared badly then,” replied the man; “but where will you go now?” “That I know not well,” answered she; “shall we live together and go through the world with each other?” “Be it so,” said the man; “it is wearisome to be alone; but how shall we live?” “Care nothing about that,” said she; “I know a way: you shall act as a doctor, and I shall act as the plague; when I attack any one you shall come to their aid, and by this means we shall get a living.” So said, so done! The two set out on their journey; the woman made people sick and the man cured them, for they understood one another. The man grew rich through his practice; but he had so many patients that he had no rest night or day, and that was a grievous matter. He resolved by some cunning to dissolve partnership, and to this end he provided himself with a leathern sack, into which he put a little spitfire of a dog. The next time that he was cited by Plague to a sick-bed he said to her: “Begone from henceforth, and no longer torment me, else I shall let the woman that tormented you in the pit out of this sack!” Thereupon he pointed with his stick to the sack containing the dog, which began to growl and snarl on the instant. The Plague, terrified, begged him, for God’s sake, not to let loose his wife again; but the man, who had amassed enough, would no longer wander about as a doctor. He returned to his old farm, and to his former mode of life. And here ends the story.

Should the fair reader be angry with us for the many naughty words we have written against the sex, we promise to make amends by saying some good words in its favour at another opportunity.

The forest always plays an important part in these northern legends; and now, since we are upon the subject, we shall conduct the reader to a real forest—a Siberian forest. A German writer, who withholds his name, states that the northern parts of the governments of Jenisseisk, Tomsk, and Tobolsk contain at least eight hundred million acres of forest, inhabited by every species of furred animal. Red-wood, as it is there called—the fir, the cedar, the larch, the pine, the birch, and the beech—extends in dense masses over thousands of square miles. Firs and cedars grow thick together, three *sjen* (16 feet) in circumference, and thirty *sjen* high. Birches are found of twelve feet in circumference, and a hundred and fifty feet high. In the government of Tobolsk such forests

are called *Urmanes*, in that of Tomsk and Jenisseisk, *Taigas*. These present a striking spectacle to the traveller. In some places fire, or the hurricane, or age, has consumed, uprooted, or cast down immense masses of forest, through which a new forest has penetrated. Gigantic trunks here and there form bridges across streams and rivers. In other places they form gulfs three hundred feet in depth, and of the same width. In the *Urmanes* and *Taigas* are found numerous lakes and swamps, covered with thick crests of ice. Into these labyrinths of forest fire has penetrated, and the whirlwind has penetrated, but the foot of a Russian never. The *Samoides* alone have any knowledge of these terrible forests, where the day is dark as the night, and wherein a stranger erring would undoubtedly perish. And all these forests are of no value to Russia. Every one may fell and consume as much timber as he pleases. A trunk containing timber enough to form the framework of an English cottage may be bought for a couple of shillings in some of the small Siberian villages. We have seen somewhere a calculation as to the probable time when our coalfields shall be exhausted. Before then science and capital will no doubt find the means of bringing these exhaustless forests to our doors, when English kettles will hiss and sputter under the influence of Siberian pine and birchwood. Before leaving Russia, we may mention an interesting work—*Ein Besuch, &c.* (“A Visit to the Battle-fields of Russia in 1856”), by Georges de Pimodan. Getting away to more classical regions, we notice the appearance of the first numbers of a work of art which will afford pleasure to all who can purchase or have access to it—*Expedition scientifique en Mésopotamie, exécutée par ordre du Gouvernement de 1851 à 1854, &c.* Dr. Julius Oppert and M. Fresnel write the text; the views are given by M. Felix Thomas, an artist of mark.

There is a German authoress who is not without honour in her own country, but who is little known in this; her name is Julie Burow-Pfannen-Schmidt, and she has been named by her countrymen, the German Frederika Bremer. We trust the lady will reject the intended compliment. An English authoress of talent and genius would consider it no compliment to be designated *De Stael*. The lady in question has written several works which have, deservedly, obtained high popularity. She speaks to the heart, she comes home to the fireside, and this, perhaps, is the reason she has been attacked by a few critics. She does not write of war and chivalry, of gallant knights and ladies gay, nor does she deal in seducing improbabilities. Her last tale is entitled *Der Armuth Leid und Glück* (“The Woes and Weal of Poverty.”) It is connected with the recent war in the Crimea, and we fear that as that matter is now deprived of interest it will damage the sale of the lady’s book. It is well written, however, and will repay reading. Had she written in two volumes, instead of three, it would have been all the better. The fact is, that the world has not time to read. It must take things by snatches—a bit here and another there. In descriptive power and pathos the volumes are not wanting; our sole regret is, that in a few lines we cannot give a connected account of their contents.

Dr. Perron has translated from the Arabic into the French the *Hymns nationale Egyptian*, and the hymn came about in this way. About a year ago the Viceroy of Egypt, being in Cairo, had the mind of demanding of the scholars, or literati, of the country a patriotic song. The competitors were numerous. M. Perron gives the words of the successful hymn, which has been set to music for the use of the Egyptian troops. The author is a Sheikh, and has been for a long time a Bey, the Sheikh Refaah. Educated in France, more instructed than the majority of his competitors, the author gives free bridle to his muse, and recalls the glories of the reign of Sesostri to his countrymen. The composition is too long to give in full. We confine ourselves, therefore, to a verse here and there. The hymn commences in proper and reverent Muslim style:

In the name of God, merciful and gracious!

Honour to the man who desires that the poetry of the Arabs should be the means of retracing their existence, and of transmitting their remembrance! The blessings and thanks of Heaven be upon him who gained the days of Bedr and Hoinan, those victories of which says the proverb, “To speak to him who has seen them is nothing”—upon his family, upon his companions of the apostolate, upon his warriors, who, after him, marched in the road that his prin-

ciples had opened up to him! . . . Now, with the aid of God, I begin and say:

STROPHES: Soldiers of Egypt, your glory—is known to the world in full lustre.—Like the sun at mid-day, your renown is spread over the world. The voices which celebrated victories have sung, have sung thee. Even the birds have re-echoed them in their melodies.

CHORUS. Happy Egypt! For her has arisen—Immortal glory—Thanks to her King, seal of generosity.—I have named Saïd—Mohammed. . . .

Your ancestors were illustrious.—Ancestors of the olden time, glorious ancestors! Be their descendants, and yet greater than they,—they who made their grandeur known everywhere.

Happy Egypt! &c.

The hymn narrates the various triumphs of the Egyptian forces. One verse reads:

You have rivalled the bravest—In your struggles at Silistria;—And the vanquished enemy remained disconcerted.—Honour to such splendid deeds!—Their memory belongs to history;—And there Selim-Pasha fell a martyr.

Happy Egypt, &c.

Another incites the soldier to bold deeds:

Learn, know the tactics of combats;—Stand firm in the face of the enemy.—In every peril be immovable.—And your exploits shall be lofty exploits.—Alas! life, its duration is fatally fixed;—Its last hour has its limit marked.

Happy Egypt! &c.

The hymn terminates with a prayer for the Sultan, and then the colophon runs: “End of the national Egyptian hymn, by the aid of the Lord of creatures. Imprinted at the Government printing-house, situated at Boulak of Cairo, &c., the 1272nd year of the Hegira.”

The first complete edition of the works of Galileo Galilei, commenced in 1842, was completed in the course of the last year. The title reads—*Le Opere di Galileo Galilei, prima edizione completa condotta sugli autentici manoscritti Palatini, &c.* The works were published in Florence, but may be purchased in Berlin.

It was at first intended to publish the collected works of one of Italy’s greatest men in five classes: 1, his astronomical works; 2, his writings on natural philosophy; 3, his exclusively literary letters; 4, his scientific letters; and, lastly, his confidential letters. As the work went on it was found advisable to depart from this arrangement, on account of many of the letters having the property of being both scientific and confidential, and therefore difficult to separate; and, on the other hand it appeared more convenient to let the letters follow the astronomical works. We have now, in consequence, five volumes of the astronomical works, five volumes of letters, four volumes of his writings on natural philosophy and the doctrine of magnitudes, one volume of his literary productions, and another forming a supplement to the entire work, especially to the letters—sixteen volumes in all.

FRANCE.

André Chénier. Par MERY. Paris.

To write the life of André Chénier fully and faithfully is to write a romance of overwhelming interest. The brilliant but unfortunate poet, who was one of the guillotine’s most illustrious victims at a time when the guillotine was busiest and bloodiest, and who perished ere he had completed his thirty-second year, left no poem that charms us half so much as the most unpretending record of his career. Nevertheless we are not sorry that M. Méry, well known for other productions, has given us, not a biography, but a tale—a tale, however, in which some leading incidents of Chénier’s history are introduced. It is a work of marvellous talent, with the single fault that its consummate art is not sufficiently concealed. Born at Constantinople, the son of a beautiful and gifted Greek mother, the antique Grecian element was always the predominant one in Chénier’s nature. He would perhaps have been a great Greek poet; we should hesitate to say that he was a great French one. Much of his genuine lyrical fire spent itself as French rhetoric. The French Revolution, notwithstanding all its earnestness, was half a rhetorical display. The French are a most rhetorical people, and then was their most rhetorical hour. If Chénier was more a poet and less a rhetorician than those around him, still he was more a rhetorician than a poet. Allowing that his genius was as noble as his heart was heroic, yet it was scarcely possible for him, as it would scarcely

even have been possible for Shakspeare, to burst away from French rhetoric, from the despotic conventionality of French literary forms, from the false and pedantic classicity which France so childishly worships, and from the wholly prosaic character of the French language. Michelet has said that France is the country of prose by excellence. But the very circumstances that are favourable to its superiority in prose are hostile to its eminence in poetry. To read the minor French poets is, for any one but a Frenchman, impossible; to read the best French poets is a drudgery and a dreariness. The French themselves seem half aware, in spite of their boundless vanity, that in their poetical productions they never get beyond declamatory common-place; for, where an Englishman would speak of a fine poem, they always speak of fine verses, as if it were exclusively an affair of clatter and jingle. André Chénier came to England at the age of twenty-five, and remained there rather more than two years. He had, therefore, time enough to be inspired by the robust and prolific English intellect. He entertained, however, just as much in the spring of 1790 as in the autumn of 1787, the customary French contempt for English authors, and even for Shakspeare, who, according to him, had produced some beautiful scenes, but not a single beautiful piece. Even at so early an age had French rhetoric fatally ensnared and irretrievably misled his divine Greek impulses. Pervading also as the Grecian element was in his breast, and ambitious as he was to imitate the Greek and Latin poets, it may be questioned whether he knew the right way of approaching antiquity. His enthusiasm was less for antiquity in its essence, plenitude, effulgence, and valiant pith, than for certain dithyrambic fervours to which his own dithyrambic fervours responded—vainly, however, seeking utterance in French dithyrambic phrases. Chénier belonged to the same order of poets as Keats and Shelley—not so fertile in fancy, but more armed with conquering passion. How instinctively both Shelley and Keats seized the spirit of antiquity, and with what eloquent glory they clothed and crowned it! Because, as poets, they entered antiquity as alone poetically it should be or can be entered—through its mythologies and symbolisms. Shelley said, and wrote, and did, foolish things; but in his deeper being he was as religious as he was generous. It was because he trod the temple of ancient religions with all the piety of a priest that he was enabled to identify himself so intensely with the entire character and current of ancient existence as a poet. It was also as the priest of antiquity that Keats became its poet. Born thirty years later, born on English soil, nourished by English influences, Chénier would have been like Keats, like Shelley, the priest of antiquity, and its poet too. When mounting the scaffold he struck his forehead with his hand, and he cried in strange mystic words, sadder than his coming doom, that yet there had been something there. Yes; there had been something there, and sorely perplexed must Chénier often have been to know why that something had not been more a presence and a power in the world. French rhetoric had been one vast obstacle: the empire still held by the disciples of Voltaire had been another. From French rhetoric Chénier had learned a gaudy and bombastic language, which despoiled him as a poet of directness, simplicity, and concentration; and, dwelling in the vile Voltaire region of sophistry, shallowness, and semblance, he had never pierced into his own profoundest and most celestial emotions. So this godlike soul, instead of breathing godlike thoughts in godlike speech, left splendid fragments, which are better than ought of the kind which French literature offers us simply because the author could not be completely a Frenchman. He sneered at the harsh singers of the cloudy North, and at their sluggish raptures. Well for him, as one aspiring to speak in dithyrambic strains, if he had known how much more a thing of life the lightning flashing from the cloudy North was than the glare from the low firmament of Paris saloons. Contemporary with André Chénier was Robert Burns, born a few years sooner, dying a few years later. Was he a harsh singer? Were his raptures sluggish? How much more of potent individuality did Burns display than Chénier in bursting away from the social and literary enthrallments, degradations, feeblenesses, and frivolities of his time! It is less the poet than the man that M. Méry pictures, or rather the man

led into countless errors and inconsistencies by the capricious imagination of the poet. It is when we tread ground trembling with doubt and slippery with blood, that we feel most the need of supporting and being supported by a true friend and a loving woman. The true friend and the loving woman were Chénier's; but it is the loving woman, and not the true friend, who teaches him how much better than either friendship or love is fidelity to the highest ideal of nobleness. Sublime transfiguration of the warmest affection toward herself into the most indomitable and devoted martyr valour! Let us forget what was mad, and murderous, and melo-dramatic in the French Revolution, and consider whether such transfigurations could have been rare—whether, on the contrary, they were not likely to have been exceedingly frequent. Men turn martyrs from disgust and disenchantment; men turn martyrs from fanatical fury; men turn martyrs from entire surrender of their breast to an idea; but it is grandest of all to turn martyr by the transmutation of an earthly fervour into a seraphic flame. It is only thus that some of the richest and most radiant souls can consecrate themselves without reserve and without regret to martyrdom. To consecrate himself to martyrdom otherwise than this would have been for Chénier impossible. Whenever the martyrology of the French Revolution is written, André Chénier's will be the chief name. No other name of those tempestuous years, when everything, for glory or for shame, for goodness or for guilt, had an epic vastness, unites the same vivid human interest with the same divine elevation. If, in spite of his eminently poetical genius and temperament, Chénier was able to be little more than a French rhetorician, and not that ideal Greek of whom he dreamed—that ideal Greek, or even a better than that ideal Greek, he was able as a martyr to be. It matters little, then, how the question of his literary merits is decided. He was destined to a purer renown and a holier vocation. At the moment when Chénier was about to bow down his effulgent head to the stroke of the un pitying guillotine, there was living obscurely and mournfully in a wretched London garret another young Frenchman, who was to flash forth from that garret into the most illustrious writer that his country for nearly a century has had. Yet who that reads of Chateaubriand in his old age would prefer his fate to that of Chénier? Without profound or comprehensive ideas or sure, keen, clear glance—not without honour or chivalry, but wholly without convictions—Chateaubriand will be known to after ages as an accomplished stylist, the manufacturer of magnificent, melodious, picturesque, but often bombastic phrases—as the author of works which are not solid enough for thought, nor rich enough for poetry. The less he was able to achieve fame, the more in his latter days did Chateaubriand's love of fame grow into the eagerness of egoism, and, like all egoism, it generated mistrust—mistrust of himself and mistrust of others. With a naturally affectionate heart, he had laboured so exclusively for reputation, that he found himself at last alone with his immense reputation, and with no affectionate heart to respond to his own. Doubts assailed him whether it was well to yearn so boundlessly and to toil so hard for the world's praise. Still darker doubts whether in his own case the world's praise was likely to endure. He had been lavish of sunshine and of dazzling colours on his pages; but no sunshine, and no glowing, gorgeous colours came to warm and to cheer his own lonely chamber. Contrast Chénier's triumphant march to death, and Chateaubriand's gaze for lingering months at the gate through which, heralded by so many disenchantments, death was to enter in. Contrast and judge. It will not be enough to say, as has been said with a truth which we all feel after we have passed the summer of our days, that those whom the Gods love die young. It will be truer and wiser to say that our prayer to the Gods should rather be that we may die young as a sacrifice for the Fatherland or for Humanity, like Chénier, than live to be bowed down by the burden of our glory, like Chateaubriand. As of old there was one who was almost persuaded by Paul to be a Christian, so how many in these days are almost persuaded to be martyrs! They forget that life is only a treasure and a rapture in proportion to our willingness to surrender it, and that he who saveth his life shall lose it. And it is not in times of persecution and revolution that martyrs are most needed. They are most

needed in times like our own, when eclecticism is mistaken for catholicism, and indifference for tolerance and charity. Each age demands its own gospel; this age demands the Gospel of Manliness. Everlastingly proclaiming that religion is the everlasting reality, we may the more boldly declare that a Mawworm godliness has killed all manliness out of our hearts. It is not for any new idea that the battle now is, as the battle has so often been before. It is for very manhood—for the right to speak and act like a man. Seneca said of a Roman Emperor's boasted clemency, that it was absurd to call clemency the cruelty which had grown tired. This is Earth's, or at least England's, present mood. Cruelty has grown tired, and takes the airs of love. It would be too much trouble to burn a heretic or a blasphemer. It would be too much trouble even to fine and imprison him. But what is the fate of him who, neither a heretic nor a blasphemer, neither a sceptic nor a denier, resolves and strives to be a hero in the midst of corruption and conventional cowardice? Does a clement community abound in clemency to him? Is he not compelled substantially—for the form matters not—to pay the penalties which in ruder, but not baser generations, were paid by political and religious Nonconformists? Let him pay them cheerfully, pay them to the last drop of his blood if it be needful. This is the lesson to be taught; from the Gospel of Manliness thus learneth he. Feared and invincible is the mystic meaning of the fact that he who was called by eminence the Son of God was also called by eminence the Son of Man, as if perfect manhood were always perfect divinity, and as if apotheosis must always precede incarnation. Let it not be supposed that we wish to meddle with controversial theology if we further say that the recognition of the perfect divinity in the perfect manhood is the doctrine on which the greatest Apostles of the Church have most strenuously insisted; and that it has, however misunderstood, in every age been the sum and saliency of the Christian faith. It is not to the prophet of a sublime thought, to the completer of a sublime revelation, that the heart of our race has clung, but to Him who was stupendously, mysteriously the Son of God by being transcendently the Son of Man. But how much is the significance of this grand truth, which is independent of dogmas and creeds, more and more forgotten? If He, whose name we vulgarise not here, entered through absolute manhood into absolute godhead, surely the logic must be that our own godlike progress and transformation must be through the valour, and wealth, and beauty of our manhood. Yet the common belief, if we are to trust the common practice, seems now to be that it is by the annihilation of manhood that the godlike is to be gained. Verily no more pestilent heresy has ever been propounded by deceivers or promulgated by fools. It is, however, a convenient heresy for the craven and the effeminate. And from early days it has been the custom to manufacture a doctrine in accordance with a certain mode and course of action. The creeds of men simply express what they themselves are; and there is no one so sunk in Epicureanism or vice who does not try to make or to find some creed that may justify his conduct. The real creed of every one—let the professed creed be what it may—is the shadow which his deeds, vile or noble, throw. We have known men who, though vicious, had strong instincts toward virtue, who would have ceased to be Fatalists the moment they ceased so grievously to sin. They were Fatalists because Fatalism seemed to them a kind of apology for their wickedness. A community, therefore, without manliness, preaches the absence of manliness as a duty and a grace. Would that we could work a miracle on such a community, and command it, with potent effect, to stand up as an Apostle commanded him who had never walked—command it to stand up and to be no longer a maimed or paralytic thing. We should summon to our side, as we spake, all the most beautiful martyrs of the past; and where can we find a more beautiful than André Chénier? Remote from the onrush of rival systems, and the shriek of rival sects, we raise a banner on which blazes, far above the jangling and grovelling of the crowd, but one word—Manhood. From him who would follow that banner we should not seek a confession of faith regarding any matter whatever. We should simply tell him that there was a gathering band of the brave, and that if he were willing, sincerely and cordially, to join that band, there would be furnished to him as to the rest, a breastplate

of the brave. This is our fashion of redeeming our country; let him who knows a better proclaim it. Superstitions of credulity and superstitions of incredulity are at this hour equally rife. The puerilities of Popish fable are varied by schemes for setting up Robert Owen or Auguste Comte as a Messiah; and we are tempted to ask whether anything but an irruption of the Barbarians can renew the world as it was renewed fourteen centuries ago; and whether the goriest steps of Goth and Vandal and Hun are not the only possible regenerators in the infinite impotence and idiocy. To fling furious philippics at prevailing abominations is by itself profitless. Invective, however crushing, is neither a deliverer nor a saviour. The one true deliverance is that men should be carried by enthusiasm to a nobler life by the example of a man. If cowardice is contagious, manliness is more so. And perhaps those whom manliness and martyrdom would repel in rough John the Baptist attitudes and aspects may be attracted, and may follow martyrdom and manliness, when the radiance of a rich poetical soul. M. Méry's thrilling story is that of poetry rising into manhood, and manhood rising into martyrdom. But those who do not care for the moral teachings of the story, and who care only for entertainment, will here find enough to delight them.

ARTICUS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, May 28.

THE position of the humble individual who has the honour of representing the CRITIC in this city of Imperialism and other shams bears a certain analogy to that of Sister Ann in the nursery tale. Ever craning his neck over his watch-tower, like the interesting female above referred to, he can only see great clouds of literary dust, which, however it may suffice for the Parisians, cannot blind the experienced eye as to its real value. Since I last addressed you, no new genius has arisen. The *feuilletonistes* and the *littérati* seem to be exhausted, and, though no end of works in new bindings fill the shelves of the booksellers, in turning their leaves nine out of ten are found to be only old foes with new faces. Among the rare novelties barely one or two deserve the honour of a notice. The great majority are as unsubstantial as that *chef-d'œuvre* of French cookery an *omelette soufflée*; but they are far less agreeable to digest than

that airy compound. Others, with claims to serious writing, are positively overpowering; and it is devoutly to be hoped that their weight will drag their perpetrators down and effectually prevent their ever again profaning the ocean of literature with their lubberly craft, due to their clumsy attempts at authorship.

However, I mentioned a couple of exceptions, and to those I must now address myself. The first bears the rather attractive title of *Les Enfants de Jean Jacques Rousseau*. The book is chiefly remarkable on account of its author, who is wholly self-educated.

M. Clause Genoux was born in a village of Upper Savoy in March 1811. He left his home, according to the custom of those hardy mountaineers, at the early age of eight, and worked his way to Paris, by the aid of his accomplishments as a chimney-sweep, eked out by his masterly performance on the national instrument, the hurdy-gurdy, and his proficiency in instilling vivacity into that proverbially repose-loving animal, the Alpine marmot. Arrived in Paris, he made the best use of his opportunities, and contrived to learn to read and write. Meanwhile he grew in stature to an extent that deprived him of his chief resource, that of sweeping chimneys; and, having little taste for the lazzarone kind of life of the Paris commissionaire, he determined to see life for the double purpose of gaining money and information. He contrived to find his way to Marseilles, and there embarked as apprentice on board a Sardinian brig. He went in her to the East. Like our old friend of Ithaca,

Πολλὸν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστια καὶ νῆας ἴγμεν,

Πολλὰ δ' ὄγ' ἐν πόντῳ πάθον ἄλγιστα ἐν κατὰ θυμόν—

until, disgusted with the wandering fields of barren foam, he returned once more to Paris, to grapple once more with Dame Fortune. No labour seemed too hard or too humble for him. He cleaned shoes, ran of errands, worked in a carpenter's shop, was employed as footman, cook, and waiter; and, during all these various occupations, prosecuted his studies with an energy which deserved to command success. Such was his energy and self-command that, though not earning on an average more than 1*fr.* a day, at twenty he had saved 1500*fr.* (60*l.*) He was at that time at Marseilles, employed as boy of all work by masons, and, after his day's work, he used to write songs, which a good-natured printer used to set up on tick, and which were sufficiently popular to leave him a small surplus, after paying all expenses. Having made a slight addition to his small capital, he invested it in a small stock of hardware, and, having gone into partnership with two Piedmontese traders, he

sailed for Rio Janeiro. Having disposed of his wares at a profit, he once more

Commist pelago ratem,

and sailed for Chili. But he had the misfortune of being wrecked off Juan Fernandez, and lost every farthing. He reached Peru, and at Lima sheer starvation compelled him to enlist as a soldier. The pursuit of "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth," however, was not congenial to his tastes or habits. He escaped the service, and found a place as common seaman successively on board an American and a French whaler, on board which he spent a couple of years. At the expiration of that time he once more found his way to Paris, and obtained employment in Paul Dupont's printing-office. In 1850 he went to Chambéry, and there edited a paper called the *Patriote Savoisien*, a republican paper, which took a very hostile view of the *coup d'état*. In consequence, the court of Turin, anxious to curry favour, expelled Genoux from the kingdom; but after an exile of three years he succeeded in obtaining admission into France, and on the recommendation of Emile de Girardin, the editor and proprietor of the *Press*, was engaged as reader by M. Serrière, the printer of that paper and several others besides. He has published since several collections of songs, some of which are very popular. His *Enfants de Jean Jacques* is a curious work, but betrays a greater want of refinement than could have been expected from so great a traveller as M. Genoux. Your readers will be glad to hear that he is now in comfortable circumstances. As a popular rhymester he is deservedly a favourite. His prose works somewhat destroy the interest his eventful career creates in his behalf.

The other exception is a gem of M. About's, *Le Roi des Montagnes*, a tale of Greek banditti, told with a humour and elegance that place him several hundred fathoms above all other novelists of his school in France. M. About has several points in common with Thackeray; but, though his early efforts are far superior to the "Plush Papers" and other *pechés de jeunesse* of the great Michael Angelo Titmarsh, he has not yet reached the meridian of his talent; and nothing that has yet proceeded from his pen should be named in the same breath with the "Newcomes" or "Vanity Fair."

The grave is hardly closed over Alfred de Musset, and his *soi-disant* friends are already quarrelling, with indecent haste, over the place at the Académie which his death has rendered vacant. The obese Jules Janin and the brilliant Sandeau are in the ranks, as the French say; but the favourite candidates are an obscure poet, M. Laprade, and a giver of Apician banquets, the Count de Marcellus.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, at the Geological Society, described a new and remarkable crustacean from the coal measures, represented by three specimens in ironstone nodules, each presenting, from the breakage of the nodules, the ventral surface in relief, with the corresponding impression. The animal is about 1½ inches in length, and has been named *Pygocephalus Cooperi*. Professor Huxley, after describing the characteristics from successive examinations of the several specimens, pointed out that this animal has some peculiar relations with the little *Mysis* or opossum shrimp, especially in the schizopodous character of its thoracic appendages, in the proportional size of its carapace, and in the gradual increase in width from before backwards of the sterna of the thoracic somites. In the proportion of its abdomen, however, the *Pygocephalus* approximates more nearly to the true *Stomatopoda*; and a *Gonodactylus*, bent upon itself, presents an appearance in some respects analogous to that of the fossil in question.

In describing the geology of Strath, Isle of Skye, Professor Ramsay enumerates the following Liassic beds as occurring in Strath. No. 1. Lowest, and resting on the red sandstone and quartzite of Sleat, a fine conglomerate two to three feet thick. 2. Green and yellow sandstone, three to fifteen feet. 3. Limestone, one foot coral bed, with *Isastræa* two feet. 4. Calcareous grit seven to eight feet. 5. Limestone, with occasional seams of shale. 6. White sandstone. 7. Dark brownish-grey sandy shale. 8. Calcareous brecciated conglomerate. 9. Limestones and shales in alternate bands. 10. Calcareous grits with *Gryphææ*. Nos. 1 to 10 are referred to the lower Lias. 11. Dark grey or brown sandy micaceous shales, with numerous shales. 12. Dark calcareous shales, with *Pecten*, *Ostræa*, &c. These two are referred to the middle Lias. The dip of these beds is N.W. at an angle of 5° to 8°, the thickness being estimated at 1500 feet. Taken as a whole, the Liassic beds of Strath appear to form a great synclinal trough, striking N.W. to S.E., bounded by syenite and red sandstone, and ridged up along its centre by an anticlinal axis. The igneous

irruptions in Strath appear to have been all posterior to the middle Lias. The first period of volcanic activity gave rise to a profusion of trap dykes traversing every part of the district, but not materially altering the position or texture of the strata. Subsequently vast tracts of syenite tilted up the Lias beds, and extensively metamorphosed them. Lastly, great masses of fine-grained syenite, associated with greenstone dykes, were intruded among the beds without either tilting them or altering them to any great extent.

Sir R. I. Murchison in comparing the Silurian rocks and fossils of Norway, and those of the Baltic provinces of Russia, with their British equivalents, pointed out that the Silurian system forms a natural history group, both as to its geological relations and its zoological contents, and that the rocks of Russia and Scandinavia agree with those of Britain from the Lingula flags upwards to the Ludlow rocks inclusive. The whole Silurian series of Norway has been divided by M. Kjerulf into three physical groups—the Oslo, the Oscarskal, and the Malmoe groups, formed into fourteen subdivisions, being the equivalents in succession to the Longmynd, Llandello, Caradoc, or Bala, Llandovery, Wenlock, and Lower Ludlow rocks. The Silurian rocks of the Baltic provinces of Russia, as represented by Prof. Schmidt, consist of a series of strata following each other in ascending order, at slight angles of inclination to the South, constituting zones, trending generally from East to West, and passing under the Devonian rocks of Southern Livonia. In comparing these and the British Silurian rocks together, Sir R. Murchison dwelt upon the natural indivisibility of the alum schists and Lingula flags from the rest of the lower Silurian series; the extensive occurrence of the pentamerous zone, marking the passage-beds between the upper and lower members of the series; the general uniformity in the distribution of the organic remains of the several successional groups of beds, although the strata themselves are very variously developed as to mineral character and thickness; and the characteristic agreement in fossils between the several Silurian eras of Northern Europe, North America, Canada, and the Arctic regions on the one hand, while, on the other,

the Silurian rocks of France, Spain, Bohemia, the Ural, and probably of South America, are dissimilar as a group from their northern representatives, both in palæontological and lithological characters—marking the existence of distinct geographical limits of life during the older palæozoic period. All evidence tends to prove that in Scandinavia, as in Russia in Europe, the Silurian rocks, both lower and upper, form a united and unbroken whole; and that, both by fossils and by strata, they exhibit in those countries, and in a very small compass, a natural history system, quite as complete and more easily understood than their much more expanded, highly varied, and dislocated equivalents in the British Isles.

At the Geographical Society it was announced that the Niger Expedition, under Dr. Baikie, had set out. The report in circulation of the death of Mr. Anderson, the African traveller, was without foundation. The Swedish traveller, Dr. Wahlberg, had unfortunately perished in an encounter with an elephant, to the northward of Lake Ngami. Among the papers read was one by Sir H. Rawlinson, on Mohamrah and the Chaab Arabs. Mohamrah was situated at the sole navigable mouth of the river Euphrates: in the earliest times it formed part of the kingdom of Karaknia and Messina; but after the country had been surveyed scientifically by the English and Russian commissioners it was agreed that the country watered by the Euphrates belonged to Turkey, and that by the Kara to Persia, but it was finally decided that Mohamrah should be considered as belonging to Persia. This was contrary to geographical accuracy; for, as Mohamrah was on the Euphrates, it consequently belonged to Turkey, and the Turkish Government still considered that they had a territorial claim to it, and protested against its being attacked when the late expedition set out. It was not impossible to enter Persia by Mohamrah, as there were several though difficult routes. The country abounded in the most luxuriant vegetation, having every possible produce of a tropical climate; the province was thus not only valuable in a military but also in a commercial point of view.

At the anniversary meeting of the Society the Patron's Medal was assigned to Colonel Waugh,

Surveyor-General of India, for his valuable geodetical operations in that country. The Founder's Medal was awarded to Mr. A. C. Gregory, for his important and extensive explorations in Western Australia. From these it may now be inferred that nearly all the central portion of the vast continent of Australia is an uninhabitable desert, probably the dried-up bottom of a sea, and hence all intercourse between our different colonies in that region must take place either by coast ranges or the sea. Mr. Gregory had performed journeys extending over 6450 miles, and had determined many hitherto unknown points of latitude and longitude; he had also defined the character of that fine basin of North Australia which might at no distant day become a British colony. Some reference was made to the exploring expedition under Captain Burton, in East Africa. The President of the society, in the course of his address, descanted upon Mr. Cleghorn's theory of the wear and tear of our coasts, the projected Atlantic submarine telegraph, the discoveries of Dr. Livingstone and others in Africa, the proposed final Arctic search—winding up his address with a reference to the growing utility and acknowledged importance of the society, and to the inadequacy of the present accommodation for its steadily increasing numbers.

At the Zoological Society a very large adult cranium was exhibited of the great Chimpanzee, larger than any of the casts in the College of Surgeons; also specimens of two undescribed species of the Tynantine genus *Todirostrum*, and of an apparently hitherto unnoticed bird of the same genus, this latter from New Granada. A paper was read on the habits of some birds observed on the plains of North-western India in 1849; and also a paper containing descriptions of some new species of Lepidopterous insects from Northern India.

A very interesting experiment has lately been made to bring to a test the various modes that have been adopted for interpreting the cuneiform characters brought to light by the late Assyrian discoveries. From amongst the cuneiform records a long inscription of nearly 1000 lines was selected for trial, having the advantage of being perfect throughout. Three of the lithographed copies were given respectively to Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, and Mr. Fox Talbot. Dr. Oppert, of Paris, was also admitted to trial at his own request. The committee appointed to decide consisted of Dr. Milman, President; Dr. Whewell, Mr. Grote, the Rev. Mr. Cureton, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, and Professor Wilson. The meeting to open the sealed envelopes containing the translations assembled at the rooms of the Royal Asiatic Society last week, and the four versions were examined and compared: the result being that three of the translations were found identical in sense, and very generally in words also—Dr. Oppert's version appearing to differ only from his very imperfect acquaintance with the English language. Sir Henry Rawlinson's was the only entire translation. The general correctness of the method of interpretation would thus appear to be established.

The subject of the disturbances of suspension-bridges, and the modes of counteracting them, was introduced to the Institution of Civil Engineers by Messrs. Luken and Conder. After bringing under consideration the various kinds of suspension-bridges, the disturbances were attributed chiefly to the flexibility of the chains. In order to reduce these, the main point of inquiry must be the arrangement of chains and rods best calculated to abate the liability to disturbance of the six ordinary modes of arrangement. A new mode, distinguished as the convergent suspension, had been devised, to avoid as far as practicable the several defects of the other arrangements. In this there was an entire absence of horizontal strain on the roadway, which might therefore be made of extreme lightness, while the advantages of direct action would be to a great extent secured, the undulations of the roadway and the tendency to lateral swing being reduced to a minimum; and the reaction of the chains on the platform would be much diminished by the radiating play of the rods. The convergent principle also admitted considerable economy of material; but it was a matter worthy of inquiry whether an application of this method might not be arrived at still better suited for large spans.

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

THE exhibition of the designs for the proposed new Government offices is, of course, just now, the all-engrossing subject; and, according to the report in the *Builder* for May 23rd, the Rev. C. Boutell, aided by Mr. Ruskin, the *Lamp-lighter*, is busy at Binfield Hall, Clapham, denouncing the "Anglo-Classic" and the "Anglo-Renaissance," and dictating the "Gothic" as the style to be adopted. We are only glad to have a reason in this for concluding that the reverend gentleman is alarmed by the likelihood of the "Classic," or some modification of it, being the style on which the public has set its heart, and in favour of which the judges will decide. He seems to be dissatisfied with the appointed judges, and "read a list of some names, chiefly of noblemen and clergy-

men that would have given him greater confidence;" and "the list," says the *Builder*, seems to include every Englishman out of the profession who has written on the subject of architecture." Well; we will not say that the profession should exclusively afford the judgment required; but the same chances, that might occasion a partial decision on the part of an architect, will operate with much more certainty in the case of a clergyman, for the profession is divided in its feeling, while the clergy all think—if they care about the matter at all—only one way; and for that very reason no clergyman should be allowed a vote—scarcely indeed a voice—in the matter. From the profession we may select a Smirke, who is Greek in his predilections; a Cockerell, who is Renaissance; a Scott, who is Gothic; a Barry, who is all of these, and who may be said to have no predilections. But are there no ex-architects, who can have no purposes whatever to serve, save the advancement of architectural truth—their conclusions upon which are the results of many years' practice and thought, rooted in original principles of utilitarian fitness and artistic expression, cultivated by reasonings derived from a general and co-equal knowledge of every great architectural variety, and confirmed by the latest observation of every work of importance that has been completed during the long period of their critical study? Can the clerical critic honestly avow, that he has not been for years persistently moving along in one exclusive way, in the deep-worn rut of Gothic orthodoxy, till its bottom is as smooth as a tramrail, although his wheels are almost sunk to their naves? That they will still sink till no further progress will be permitted them, we firmly believe—that is, in reference to the exclusive application of Gothic design in all cases; and our anxious desire is, that the great work now in contemplation should benefit by the change that is to be, lest we may have, ere long, to look back upon the last great and most lamentable blunder which preceded a too extreme reactionary movement! We might have hesitated to bring even our weak urgency against the surviving amount of Gothic feeling, if we did not see the counter opinions of men no better than ourselves endeavouring (we use the *Builder's* words) "to excite sympathy for the Gothic and national (?) style, and antipathy to the Anglo-Classic," &c. But, when the clergy—not content with the revival of Gothic art, as applied to the Church and every kind of building intimately related to it—would overthrow the whole professional body of architects, and insist upon "churching" every class of secular structure, we feel no further delicacy in calling upon the public to put faith in those who have, or ought to have, a catholic knowledge of the subject, and who, abjuring the intention of making it a question between one style and another, only argue for the proper style in the proper place.

Ours is a literary, and not an artistic, journal; and we have not, therefore, space to go into this matter (all important as it is) with the fulness it deserves; but we may possibly do enough, at present, in considering it on the broad question of harmony. The buildings to be erected are to connect the absolute Gothic of the Abbey with the modified classic of the Banqueting-room, Whitehall, and the Italian architecture of St. Martin's Church, Pall-Mall, and Buckingham Palace. The new Houses of Parliament are of a modified Gothic, forming a link between the Abbey northward. We, therefore, desire to see a range of buildings which may harmoniously unite the Houses of Parliament with the Palladian and palatial Italian of the quarters alluded to. To effect this required harmonisation, we would be ourselves favourable to the rich Renaissance architecture, of which we have so many native examples that we need scarcely refer to those parts of the Tuilleries and Louvre, at Paris, which, however, serve us for illustration. Though their features are of classic origin, they are capable of such treatment as to render them productive of a general effect, continuing to a meeting-point, or rather to an agreeably commingling compartment, the respective characteristics of the Gothic and Classic extremes. All that is to be made available to the grand entirety that is to be; and the walk from Pall-Mall to the Abbey would exhibit a compendium of sequent passages of art, charming to observers in general, and reasonably satisfying to the eyes even of those who have their strong architectural predilections.

We are not aware that any architect would have reason hereafter to complain, since it does not appear that the designs chosen for the premiums are any of them to be adopted; and indeed, in a work of such magnitude, the ultimate efforts of the best available genius should be engaged to bear upon a combination of the varied merits which may appear in all or any of the plans purchased by the commissioners. The present object should be the selection of the architect or architects to whom the work shall be entrusted; and, in such case, Greek, Goth, and Italian may be unitedly employed in a final design, which may have a positively national approval. At all events, every architectural monomaniac should be placed hopelessly *hors de combat*. We require the enlarged mind of general architectural knowledge, and the comprehensive feeling and taste, which is the result of long-experienced and largely-varied practice or observation.

We have no hesitation in applying the term of *brass impudence* to the assertion, in the face of Barry's Italian edifices and Elme's Hall at Liverpool, that "we have no public buildings in the classic styles satisfactory enough to form authorities, nor any civic building worthy to be so considered, except Westminster Hall;" and we shall be infinitely surprised if the utterer do not himself stand convicted of that "density of prejudice" and "incredible blindness," which, with such overweening self-satisfaction, he charges "the general public." We trust he will meet with no particular public sufficiently numerous to give any weight to his views; and that, if the judges appointed to decide on the proposed buildings are to be increased "to the Englishman's favourite number—that of a jury," the clergy may be excluded (as Blackstone says), "out of favour and respect to their function." They have done well, and may do better, with their churches; but "the benefit of clergy" may prove something worse than of no benefit, if it be admitted in respect to our present subject.

It is amusing to consider that an attempt was made to Gothicise the *Observatory at Athens*, which happily, however, escaped the wrong, and developed itself in the beautiful little Greek building of which there is a view in the *Architect*, Vol. II. p. 174; where, by the way, the Roman dome shows itself with no violation of critical propriety, and which is at least as justifiable as the beautiful and true Gothic porch which Messrs. Scott and Mason have attached to Wren's nondescript Church of St. Michael, Cornhill: (see *Builder*, March 28, 1857). In the same publication, for March 16, is a view of the *Essex County Lunatic Asylum*, which strikes us as a most fitting abode for the victims of mediæval mania. It is a perfect specimen of the studiously unstudied—doubtless full of correct details, worthy of distinct regard, though the view is too minute for any particular remark save in respect to general perplexity. As Thackeray says of St. Waltheof's in "Our Street," it seems "vast, elaborate, bran-new, and intensely old." For our own part, we had as soon take for a model madhouse the new Birmingham Pauper Palace: (see *Builder*, Vol. X. p. 78). The *Welsh Schools, Ashford, Middlesex* (*Builder* for 23rd May 1857) are creditable to Mr. Clutton; but, unless we could have had a bay window on each side the central door, we would have had none. Of course the plan, as it is, requires it should be so; but the elevation, as it should have been, required the plan's alteration. The repetition of the bay, the addition of bolder work to the doorway, and the bringing together the pairs of two-light windows in the projecting gabled ends, would surely have much improved an elevation which is otherwise very pleasing. The *Protestant Hall, Limerick*, in the *Builder* for January 1856, ought to have been noticed before as a good piece of unaffected Tudor, by Mr. Fogarty; and in the same publication for May 9, 1856, is the view of a quaint little Church, by Mr. Edward W. Godwin, which makes one wish for some additional knowledge of it. Mr. Teulon's *Cottages for Crown Labourers, Windsor Park*, are also worthy of remark as very picturesque samples of their kind, though not Gothic: (see *Builder*, Vol. XII. p. 99.) They are well clustered, and the treatment of the chimneys is very telling.

A comparison of the *Brick Towers at Mantua and Verona* (see *Builder* for 8th September 1855), with Mr. Rawlinson's *Designs for Furnace Chimney Shafts*, in the same publication for 25th April 1857, will show how a man of taste can advantage himself by foreign hints. If our great manufacturing towns were to present such forms, in place of the huge cheroct-looking brick pipes which are now such ugly denotements of mere money-making, they would be worthy companions of the church steeples, nor would their finite purposes end only in smoke. All the chimneys here shown are handsome, and very suggestive. We would submit to the designer what, we admit, is not found in the Italian ones, an intermediate compartment wherever a square shaft has a crowning octagon; more particularly if there be a largely projecting cornice at top of the substructure, not used as a balustraded gallery. In the first design on the left, for instance, we want a gathering-in from the angles of the square top to the diagonal faces of the lantern above, so as constructively to show the means whereby the latter is prevented from slipping down like the joint of a telescope. Thus, if we correct the first design by the fourth, we shall obtain a model handsomer than either. The third, from the left, modified in like manner, with a something bolder cornice to the lantern, would be very pleasing. The second, fourth, fifth, and sixth, are unimprovable. Mr. Rawlinson's *Water-tank Tower and Engine-house, at Worthing* (see *Builder*, 2nd May 1857), exemplify, we think, the fault of bringing into the same composition a large compartment of few parts and a small one of many. Either the low small building should be much simplified, or the high and bulky one should have had mural decorations of according minuteness.

In the *Builder* for July 19, 1857, is a plan and section of the *Concert Hall of the Surrey Gardens*, and we much wish that external and internal views thereof could be afforded, to enable us to speak critically of its character and merits, since we address ourselves to many who may not see the building itself, and our object is never to be critical without visible illustra-

tion at hand. To substantiate principles of judgment is our aim; and, as we have before urged, so we now repeat, that our comments apply to the engraved representations rather than to the buildings themselves. Now, the building under notice seems to evince a constructive mastery—an adaptation of simple means to the end of a vast accommodation, which is deserving of more than common regard. As in the case of the *Crystal Palace*, we have here an instance of artistic utilitarianism; or, at least, of utilitarianism considered as artistically as the circumstances of the case admitted; and we should like to have the whole structure as it exists clearly put before us by the wood-engraver, that we might speak upon the merits of its general form, with a view to give our humble opinion on it so far; then to consider how far it might be improved; and, finally, to have a few words on the subject of its finishing treatment as a work of art. This is matter of no common moment now that the battle of the styles is raging. Here is a peculiar instance in which the purpose of the building has been sternly considered, untrammelled by any prescribed fashion of architectural decoration; and most happy shall we be if Mr. Horace Jones can put before the eye of our readers such additional engravings as may enable us to speak of the critical as well as of the constructive deservings of his work.

ART AND ARTISTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

HAVING said our say, in our first notice, of Millais's two great pictures, the remainder of the exhibition does not offer much ground for extended comments. There are, indeed, many works of superior merit; but we can say little more of them than *bene, optime*, as the case may be. We hardly know whether to turn first to the landscapes, the cattle, the portraits, the still life, the flowers, the architecture, for all these subjects have their followers. We shall pursue our way through the rooms somewhat at random.

Landseer's "Scene in Brae Mar" (77) is one of those masterly, yet sketchy, representations of animal life which he alone can achieve. The deer are noble creatures, and worth a little more careful finish than he has given to them. The hare, which seems surprised to find itself in such august company, has something spectral and grotesque. "Uncle Tom and Wife for Sale" (345) are the portraits of two atrociously ugly animals, dashed off with wonderful ease. Those who admire the breed will be charmed with them. We prefer to either of these pictures "Rough and Ready" (93). The title refers to a good-natured little steed in a straw-yard, who is surveying with benign attention an egg just laid, while the hen announces her achievement in a loud voice, not without misgiving that her frail production may come to some mischief. There is a touch of humour in the picture which might pass for an illustration of some fable of Æsop.

Mr. Ansdell has made a step in advance. The two black-headed cattle yoked to a plough (597) are magnificently painted. It is evident that Rosa Bonheur's works have had their effect upon Mr. Ansdell, but he has given a version of nature which is his own. There is an increase of freedom and breadth of effect over his former productions. Drawing, colour, and touch are all improved. The cattle in Mr. H. B. Willis's "Sonny Pastures in Sussex" (637) are carefully studied, and the picture is a pleasing one, though somewhat thin and dry in colour.

Mr. Horsley's happiest effort is "Life and Still Life" (8). A Parisian sempstress "*au sisième*," is pursuing her occupation of cap-making, and adapts a specimen of her art to one of those dummy heads which stare at us from shop windows, in vacant mockery of humanity. The contrast between the living and the lifeless face is portrayed with quiet humour—both are intensely natural. In "Youth and Age" (180) Mr. Horsley approaches the pathetic: an aged woman wearily collects sticks for her solitary hearth, while a troop of merry children throng about her and offer her the flowers which they have gathered. She looks kindly upon them, and her thoughts, no doubt, wander back to the days when she sought this same shady dell to gather flowers and not sticks. The picture is blackish and disagreeable in colour. "Hide and Seek" (338) is a highly-finished work; but on the whole we like it less than either of the preceding. A daintily-dressed cavalier ensconced behind a tree is detected by a barking spaniel, which he vainly threatens with furious grimaces. Two nymphs among the trees enjoy the joke.

Mr. Egg's "Scene from Thackeray's Esmond" (331), though a little formal in composition, is a picture to which the eye will return with pleasure. The face of the lady to the right who looks on with a feeling something like jealousy, while her daughter ties the scarf on Esmond's arm, is a masterpiece. She is even more beautiful than her daughter, and with more tenderness in her composition—that is plain. Thackeray's noble conception could not have been more perfectly embodied.

Mr. Frost has idealised his nymphs into beings about which it is difficult to feel any interest. Would that he would paint a little real flesh and blood.

He quotes Ovid in illustration of his picture of "Narcissus;" but Ovid would have cared little about such nymphs as these. The picture has, to our eye, faults in drawing and perspective, and the whole has a forced and artificial appearance.

Mr. Hook's little idyllic representations of lowly life are very pretty and full of sentiment. He has adopted a system of local colouring, more nearly akin to that of the pre-Raphaelites than any other imitation we have seen. Viewed too nearly, these pictures look harsh and raw, but at the proper distance the effect intended by the artist is completely given. Perhaps the most forcibly painted is "The Widow's Son going to Sea" (278).

E. W. Cooke, C. Stanfield, and D. Roberts, are all in considerable force in their respective styles. Mr. Cooke has been studying a "Crab and Lobster Shore" (28) with the eyes of a crab or a lobster, we should think, so minutely is almost every particle of sand represented. The "Bit of English Coast" (500) is a better study of the same or a similar place.

Mr. J. Philip has an admirable Spanish picture, "Charity, Sevilla 1857" (448): a coarse-looking, not ill-natured priest walks along, absorbed in his devotions possibly, while a young woman with a child ineffectually endeavours to attract the holy man's attention. The satire is not very bitter. We cannot help hoping and believing that the comfortable-looking priest will not remain wholly insensible to the appeal made. Mr. Frith's "Flower Girl" (152) is the perfect incarnation of London-bred impudence. The painting is a little too refined for the subject, and thus falls of the force of reality. London flower-girls do not use Rowland's Kalydor, as Mr. Frith may have been led to imagine. J. D. Luard's "Welcome Arrival" (133) is a very cleverly-painted reminiscence of the Crimean winter. R. Carrick's "Thoughts of the Future" (135) a mother watching her infant in his bed, is a little effusion of genius of which it is difficult to speak too highly. Excellently painted in point of detail, without any affectation of minuteness or of any peculiar style, it tells its own tale in the completest way imaginable. Not that there is much to tell, but your sympathies are instantly awakened for the young mother, and you feel a share in her hopes and anticipations. Mr. Gale has two little pictures which, for excellence of finish on a very minute scale, joined with breadth of effect, almost rival Meissonier. They are "The Confidant" (162) and "The Exile" (392). The latter is by far the more successful of the two.

Mr. P. F. Poole's "Field Conventicle" (391) is a picture about which it is impossible to say anything good. His talent seems to have run entirely to seed. The figures are ill-drawn, in the absurd attitudes, with no visible connection between them. We should advise Mr. Poole to renounce his yellow mists, give up reading history, go out into the fields or towns, and paint something going on there, just as he sees it—anything rather than these misty and mystic visions, opium dreams which mean nothing.

"Bon jour, Messieurs" (355) is something more natural and agreeable than we have seen before from the pencil of F. Stone. At the same time we do not go much further in our praise than concerns the bewitching faces of the damsels in the cart. The other parts of the picture are hard, and defective in colour, while at the same time a painful minuteness is discernible. Mr. W. C. T. Dobson's picture of "The child Jesus going down with his Parents to Nazareth" (556), though possessing peculiar merits of colour, is weak in expression, and even absurd in idea, for it is evident that the old Joseph could never carry the youth represented in the picture (it is no child) the distance of fifty yards. And in fact the two standing figures are, as is usual in Mr. Dobson's painting, perfectly stationary, and do not give the least promise of ever moving an inch. These are great drawbacks in an otherwise very pleasing picture.

We shall close the present notice with Mr. Solomon's "Waiting for the Verdict" (562), a work in which he has manifested greater power than in any preceding one. The "waiters for the verdict" are the father, the mother, wife, and children of the prisoner—the unconscious happiness of the youngest child, an infant, being in sad contrast with the anxiety and grief of the rest. The different shades of feeling of the several parties interested are admirably described. The principal objection to the picture is, that it is far too painful to be often looked at. So tragical a moment as this is hardly fit to be perpetuated in all its terrible features.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Those designs for the new public offices which shall be selected by the judges will be exhibited in Westminster Hall separately, after the awards are made, sometime in July. The exhibition, in its present form, will close on Saturday, the 6th of June. Cardinal Wiseman has been lecturing at the Marylebone Institution "On the Manner of Collecting and Arranging a National Gallery of Paintings."—This day is the last on which English artists are allowed to send in models for the great monument to the Duke of Wellington.—There have been a few good sales during the fortnight—the auctioneers taking advantage, we presume, of the presence in town of our country cousins. Some of the lots fetched prices ap-

parently enormous. We caution our readers, however, that it is very currently reported in "the trade" that those prices are never realised, otherwise than in the imagination of the buyer and seller, until the lot comes to be resold to some innocent connoisseur, whose remonstrances as to price are drowned by an authoritative appeal to the sum which the work "was actually bought at" in a London auction-room. From Messrs. Foster we select the following lots:—The Post Office, by Mr. Goodall, 710 gs.; David and the Lion, by Mr. Linnell, 540 gs.; and Clearing the Woodland, by the same, 515 gs.; Mr. Goodall's Fête du Mariage, 265 gs. Fifty-five pictures at the sale realised 6579l.—From Messrs. Christie and Manson's sale of Mr. McIntosh's fine gallery, we select the following lots, premising that the remarks which we have made above in no respect apply to a sale of this order; indeed, the contrast between the prices really paid for really good pictures and those quoted for Mr. Goodall's works, must attract the suspicion of the most confiding:—Martin's Belshazzar's Feast, 136 gs.; Collins's A Seashore, 435 gs.; A View in a Dutch Town, by Van der Heyden, brought 460 gs. The Ruysdaels, which were numerous, brought from 154 gs. to 510 gs.; a Jan Steen, the Milkmaid, 240 gs.; a Paul Potter 155 gs.; a large landscape, by Wynants, 175 gs.; a Van der Neer, A Winter Scene, 210 gs.; Teniers's Prodigal Son, so well known through engravings, 810 gs.; a genuine Hobbema, landscape, 1070 gs.; a Claude, Mount Parnassus, grand classical landscape, with the Muses and Minerva armed, in a woody glen, 100 gs. The whole collection of sixty-three pictures, seven water colour drawings, and two gems, realised 8,200l. 5s. 6d.—Leopold Redpath's collections of Works of Art were sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson on Saturday last. Among the best in the list were:—Carvings in ivory of Henry the Fourth, with Sully kneeling, 41l.; the Leda, by Pradier, in ivory, with drapery of bronze, gilt necklaces, and armlets set with turquoises, the swan of oxydised silver, on plinth of bronze and green marble, 380l. Among bronzes were Æneas carrying Anchises from Troy, twenty-one inches high, 38l. Some good water-colours fetched very high prices. Among pictures were The Blind Beggar, 910 guineas, by J. Dyckmans (bought by Miss Clarke); The Lock, by J. M. W. Turner, F. A., engraved in the *Liber Studiorum*, and also in the Royal Gallery of British Art, 500 guineas (bought by Mr. Gambart).—The collection realised 8965l.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Invitation pour La Polka. Dedicated to Mrs. John Crookford. By ALFRED B. BERRINGTON. London: D'Almaine and Co.

L'Accentuation, Polka Elegante. Dedicated to Mrs. William John Ford. By ALFRED B. BERRINGTON. London: D'Almaine and Co.

It is not every one that can at once rise to that eminence in dance music where the immortal Jullien sits enthroned in all the dignity of baton and buttons. The style is peculiar, and is not caught by everyone who aims at it; and the greater the claims any composer may have to the higher standards of music, the less probably will be his success in the exposition of a polka. We have, on more than one occasion, spoken most favourably of Mr. Berrington's essays for the pianoforte. He has shown originality of thinking and capability of execution in the classical style; and if he does not reach the same standard in the polka, we are quite sure he will feel the implied compliment. Both these polkas have each a pretty motive, and are treated agreeably; but they are not, in the strict sense, dance music. The English, when they excel, generally do so in the solid or sentimental style. Strauss first initiated the public into the peculiarities and pleasures of the tripping polka; and Jullien has since enlarged the sphere. It is not, therefore, of indigenous growth. A polka is like an exotic in our atmosphere. The endeavours of our countrymen to catch the style may eventually be crowned with success, and Mr. Berrington has certainly all the capability that is requisite for the acquisition.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

We understand that the interest in the Handel Festival increases rather than flags; the demand for tickets being still very great. We regret, however, to hear that the committee has had a very serious difference with the London section of the chorus singers, who, owing to some misunderstanding, appear to have expected tickets of admission for their friends. We hope, however, that this difficulty will be satisfactorily adjusted; and, in recommending the chorus-singers to be reasonable, we would impress upon them that any argument which they can urge in favour of such a privilege will apply with tenfold force to those who come a distance from the country; and that if all the chorus singers were to claim each one ticket of admission for a friend, the result would be entirely subversive of the undertaking as a commercial speculation. Considering, moreover, that the demand was only made when all arrangements were

supposed to be satisfactorily concluded, we do not think that it will look well in them, or at all like good faith, if they press their claim.—The *Athenæum* notes it as "one of the curious accidents to which English productions in print are liable," that Mr. H. F. Chorley's tragedy of *The Duchess* has been produced at Kimball's Museum, Boston, in a "reconstructed and rewritten form," and adds, that "the author empowers us to say that this process of reconstruction or writing, for better or worse, has been done without his knowledge or consent." We are quite aware that Mr. Chorley is a man not easily satisfied, but we cannot imagine any alteration in *The Duchess* which could make it worse than it already is.—That eminent comedian, Mr. Leigh Murray, has commenced a tour through some of the principal towns of Yorkshire on what is called a "starring engagement." Though we cannot but regret anything which takes this admirable actor from the metropolis, it occurs to us, with some sorrow, that such is the unsatisfactory condition of the London stage, that Mr. Murray (who is beyond all question unequalled in his own peculiar walk) has been out of an engagement for many months. Yet Mr. Murray is a great favourite with the public, who applaud him and go to see him wherever he appears. He is accompanied on this tour by his wife, who is a very clever and conscientious actress, and by his brother, who acts as "business man." Sheffield is the first station in the circuit. We wish the party every success.

THE NEW OXFORD PROFESSORS.

MR. CHARLES NEATE, M.P., the new Professor of Political Economy at Oxford.

MR. CHARLES NEATE, whose election to the Professorship of Political Economy at Oxford took place on the same day with that of Mr. Arnold to the chair of Poetry, is Senior Fellow of Oriel College, in that University, and was recently elected member of Parliament for that ancient city, excluding Mr. Edward Cardwell, who had sat in the previous Parliament.

Mr. Neate is the son of the Rev. Thomas Neate, formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge, by Catherine daughter of the Rev. William Church. He was born at Adstock, Buckinghamshire, in the year 1806, and at an early age was entered at the College Bourbon, at Paris, where he obtained the prize, in 1823, for a French essay at the *Concours Général* of all the French Colleges. From thence he was removed to Lincoln College, Oxford, where he graduated B.A., in Michaelmas Term 1827, as a First Class in Classics, and proceeded M.A. in 1830, having been previously elected to a Fellowship at Oriel College. He was called to the Chancery bar at Lincoln's-inn in 1832, and held the appointment of private secretary to the Right Hon. Sir Francis Thornhill Baring, Bart., while that gentleman was Chancellor of the Exchequer, between September 1839 and the summer of 1841. He was returned to Parliament the other day as "a practical Reformer," and promises to support the Government of Lord Palmerston. He will, however, advocate such "advanced" Liberal measures as the ballot and triennial Parliaments. Having been resident for the most part in London since taking his degree, he has never, we believe, taken an active part in the tuition of his college; but, returning into residence, of late years he has been employed in various official capacities as the representative of the University in its dealings with the town of Oxford, and has interested himself much in local matters, such as drainage, and the question of rating the colleges to the support of the poor.

The Professorship of Political Economy was founded in the year 1825, by Mr. Henry Drummond (now M.P. for West Surrey), of Albury Park, near Guildford, and formerly a member of Christ Church. He endowed the Chair with an annual income of 100*l.*, subject to the following conditions:

1. The Professor to be at least a Master of Arts or Bachelor in Civil Law, who has regularly graduated in the University of Oxford.

2. The Professor, from time to time, to be elected by the Chancellor, Masters, and Scholars of the University in Convocation assembled.

3. No person to hold the office for more than five successive years, or to be re-elected until after the expiration of two years.

4. Every Professor to read in full Term during any one or more of the four Academical Terms in every year, in a place appointed by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, a course of Lectures on Political Economy, consisting of nine lectures at the least; and also, during every year, to print and publish one of such lectures at least.

5. Every Professor to give public notice of the time proposed for the commencement of every course of lectures.

6. Three persons at the least are required to constitute a class.

7. Every Professor neglecting to give notice, or, on the attendance of a class, to read a course of lectures during the time and in the manner aforesaid, or to print and publish one lecture at least, forfeits the whole of his stipend or salary for the year or years in which such neglect takes place: the amount of the forfeiture to be laid out in the funds, and the interest

applied to the augmentation of the professorship in future.

The following is a complete list of the Professors who have held this chair down to the present time:—

- 1825 Nassau William Senior, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College.
- 1830 Richard Whately, D.D., Principal of Alban Hall (now Archbishop of Dublin).
- 1832 William Forster Lloyd, M.A., Student of Ch. Ch.
- 1837 Herman Merivale, M.A., late Fellow of Balliol College.
- 1842 Travers Twiss, D.C.L., Fellow of University College.
- 1847 Nassau William Senior, M.A., late Fellow of Magdalen College.
- 1852 George Kettilby Richards, Queen's College.
- 1857 Charles Neate, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College.

LITERARY NEWS.

A PROPOSAL has been made to reduce the cost of Hansard's Debates to 5*l.* 5*s.* per session. The publisher seems to anticipate a great increase of sale in consequence of this.—A portion of Mr. Halliwell's collection of Shaksperian literature has been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, at high prices:—Mirror of Majestic (first edition), 20*l.* 10*s.*; Johnson's Golden Garland, 12*l.*; May's Epigrams, 16*l.* 10*s.*; Spencer's Britain's Ida, 11*l.*; Wit for Money (probably unique), 13*l.*; Shakspeare's Life and Death of King Lear (1608), 20*l.* 10*s.*; True Tragedy of Richarde Duke of Yorke (second edition), 63*l.*; Much Adoe about Nothing (first edition), 65*l.*; Second Part of Henrie the Fourth (first edition), 100*l.*; History of Henrie the Fourth (second edition), 75*l.*; Tragedie of King Richard the Seconde (1608), 30*l.* 10*s.*—M. Libri's collection of rare books is advertised for sale, in Paris, by himself. The sale is to commence on the 2nd of July, and is expected to excite great interest among collectors.—On Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, Mr. Colburn's copyrights were sold by auction, in the Sale-rooms of Messrs. Southgate and Barrett; the most valuable lots were:—Dickens's Pic-Nic Papers, 200*l.*; The Juvenile Diary of Fanny Burney (a MSS.), 109 *gs.*; Warburton's Crescent and the Cross, 480*l.*; Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence (Forster's edition), 110*l.*; Pepys's Diary and Correspondence, 310*l.*; Miss Strickland's Lives of the Queen's of England, 6900*l.*; Burke's Dictionaries of the Peerage and Landed Gentry, 4900*l.* The whole sale consisted of 127 copyrights, and produced 14,170*l.*, and the stock, 5316*l.*; total, 19,486*l.*—The following elegant paragraph has been going the rounds of the papers:—"BURNS, THE POET.—When the late Mr. Robert Burns was buried, on the 19th inst., in the Mausoleum of St. Michael's, Dumfries, the coffin of his father, the poet, was opened. The body was in a state of great preservation; the teeth were still sticking in the jaws of Scotland's great genius." And pray where did the writer expect they would be "sticking?"

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—*La Traviata*, by Verdi. *Début* of Mdlle. Parepa. *Début* of Miss Victoire Balfe.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—*Il Trovatore*. HAYMARKET.—Sheridan's *Rivals*. *My Son, Diana*, a farce, adapted from the French, by Mr. Augustus Harris.

DRURY LANE.—Miss Ella's Equestrian Performances. ST. JAMES'S.—*Les Bouffes Parisiens*.

THANKS, we suppose, to the distinguished notice which *La Traviata* received from the puritan who finds the morals for the *Times*, that opera has become the first favourite with the opera-going public. When so much has been said, there must surely be something to see; and so it happens that this weakest and silliest of operas has been counter-puffed into about the best position (so far, at least, as the attraction of money is concerned) of any opera now in the repertoire. *La Traviata* has now been performed several times at the Lyceum, and always with unbounded success. Certainly, if anything could give a piquancy to Verdi's noisy platitudes, it would be the delicious warbling of Madame Bosio, and the singing of Signors Mario and Graziani. In point of singing, the cast at the Lyceum cannot be degraded for one moment into comparison with that at Mr. Lumley's theatre; for Mario is worth more than Giuglini or Gardoni, Graziani will outweigh a thousand Benevantes, and Bosio is worth a whole covey of Piccolominis. Consequently, the Lyceum is full every *Traviata* night, and fair maidens crowd in shoals to participate in this "naughty sin."

Another *début* of a *prima donna*! and yet another. How many will that make? Four, we think, in all. Mdlle. Parepa has made good impression in the fine old standard opera, *I Puritani*—a pretty contrast, by the way, to its rouged and unzoned companion. She is young and good-looking, has a figure inclining to *embonpoint*, a soprano voice of reasonable compass, a knowledge of music, and good, but not first-rate

powers of execution. Her chief fault is a tendency to embroidering passages without much judgment. Although she cannot be placed in the first rank of *prime donne* her station in the second must certainly be high.

During the last week the unwary pedestrian who is apt to run as he reads the deceptive poster, has perchance been betrayed into a mistake which we were very nearly falling into. Seeing a monstrous specimen of that order of literature with something about *La Sonnambula*, and the name of Balfe in gigantic characters set against the heroine, we were under the impression that the stalwart composer himself was about to adventure upon the operatic stage, in the character of the tender Amina. A closer examination, however, brought to our view a microscopic "Miss" set over against the cognomen Balfe. This was a deep disappointment, for we anticipated a treat. The truth was, that Miss Victoire Balfe, the daughter of the composer of the "Bohemian Girl," and other popular operas, was to make her first appearance at the Lyceum, on Thursday evening. Being elsewhere engaged, we are only able to state that we hear (upon better authority than the *Morning Herald*) a very good account of this young lady. A slight, and not unnatural nervousness, was the only drawback to a successful *début*. Before the next impression we shall, perhaps, be able to give our own account of this addition to the operatic stage.

Verdi—and Verdi—and nothing but the Signor Verdi. Verdi, in cottage and in hall; upon street-organ and Broadwood's "grand;" Verdi in both our Opera-houses. Surely it is a plague that hath come upon the land! If, however, we are compelled to make a choice of evils, we must confess to a preference for *Il Trovatore*. There is a dramatic power about it which the other piece of morbid tawdriness utterly lacks. Therefore, of the two, we are not quite sure whether we would not rather have Madame Alboni, Mlle. Spezia and Signor Giuglini, in the *Trovatore*, than Madame Bosio, and the Signors Mario and Graziani, in *La Traviata*. But the public goes to hear both; for both houses fill nightly.

The revival of Sheridan's ever fresh *Rivals* at the Haymarket ought to prove attractive, for the cast is unusually good. Mr. Chippendale's Sir Anthony is certainly the best upon the stage—a humorous and thoroughly gentlemanly performance. We liked Miss Reynolds in Lydia Languish better than in any other character in which we have seen her for some time. Not that we can admit that she was absolutely good; only she was less hard, less incisive, and more natural, than we have yet seen her:—in the quarrel scene with Captain Absolute she was within an ace of being perfectly so. Other fine features in the cast are Mr. Compton's Bob Acres and Mr. Braid's Sir Lucius. We would suggest, however, that when a man who is a good six feet in his stockings is put into the part of "little Bob," the diminutives at least should be struck out. Not even the greatest sticklers for accuracy could object to such a pardonable interference with Sheridan's text; for surely nothing can be more absurd than to see Mr. W. Farren pat Mr. Compton approvingly on the shoulder and call him "my little hero."

The sooner *My Son, Diana*, is withdrawn from the bills the better. It is not only a very crude adaptation from the French, but it is a gross offence against the laws of good taste. Our objections to putting young actresses into male attire are based more upon the want of taste than any immorality which the practice may be supposed to pander to. As, therefore, it is a question of taste, when a young lady who has no position or reputation to be damaged is so ill-advised as to lay aside the "sweet mystery" of the petticoat, we have nothing to say against it; only we abstain from applauding the spectacle of an awkward, knock-kneed nonentity which is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. But when we see such a charming and in every way respectable young actress as Miss Oliver degraded in this manner, we must be permitted to enter an indignant protest. No inducement of advantage, no expectation of professional advancement should have persuaded this young lady to accede to so gross a violation of the laws of beauty and decency. For the farce itself, it is simply a piece of silliness, which neither even the humour of Mr. Buckstone nor the good acting of Mr. Chippendale can render endurable.

If Drury Lane has not quite "gone to the dogs," the horses have been suffered to come to Drury Lane; there is a company of circus-riders, under the direction of a Miss Ella, who nightly astonishes the public by jumping through twice the ordinary number of paper-covered hoops, and clearing twice the average quantity of scarves. From what we hear, however, (and judging of one specimen which we have witnessed, the statement is creditable), the feats performed by the young lady are so difficult that not an evening passes but what she encounters one frightful tumble, if not more. Upon one occasion she had to be carried out of the ring more dead than alive. In justice to all parties, it should be mentioned that Mr. E. T. Smith has (we believe) no control over these entertainments, having sublet the house to Mr. Gye, who makes the best bargain of it he can. Miss Ella is said to be the directress and lessee, and if so, is certainly the mistress in her own theatre. What then can be done to check the painful exhibition of a poor girl risking her life for a

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worthless round of applause? Apparently, the public is the sole authority who has any power in the matter, and we cannot but think that if the audience would once interfere to prevent the performance of these hairbrained and dangerous feints, the hint would be taken, and taken we hope kindly.

All lovers of good fooling combined with good music must go to see "Les Bouffes Parisiens" at the St. James's Theatre. The entertainment consists of a number of merry little operettas, as melodious and mirthful as it is possible to conceive. Among the pieces already produced we may name *M'sieu Landry*, *Les Deux Aveugles*, and *Ba-ta-clan*. The company, consisting of Mlle. Dalmont and Mareschal, and MM. Guyot, Gerpie, and Pradeau, is admirably united to its purpose.

JACQUES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

York, 27th May.

SIR,—We shall feel obliged by your inserting the following correspondence.

We are Sir, your obedient servants,
NEWTON AND ROBINSON.

"8, Bedford-row, London, 26th May, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—As solicitor for and on behalf of the Rev. W. Gaskell, and of Mrs. Gaskell his wife, the latter of whom is authoress of the 'Life of Charlotte Brontë.' I am instructed to retract every statement contained in that work which imputes to a widowed lady referred to, but not named therein, any breach of her conjugal, of her maternal, or her social duties, and more especially the statements contained in chapter xiii. of the first volume, and in chapter ii. of the second volume, which impute to the lady in question a guilty intercourse with the late Branwell Brontë. All these statements were made upon information, which, at the time, Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well founded, but which, upon investigation, with the additional evidence furnished to me by you, I have ascertained not to be trustworthy. I am, therefore, authorised not only to retract the statements in question, but to express the deep regret of Mrs. Gaskell that she should have been led to make them.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"WILLIAM SHAEN,

"Messrs. Newton and Robinson, Solicitors, York."

"York, 27th May, 1857.

"DEAR SIR,—As solicitors of the lady to whom your letter of the 26th instant refers, we, on her behalf, accept the apology therein contained, and we have to add that neither that lady, nor ourselves, ever entertained a doubt that the statements of Mrs. Gaskell were, as you say, made upon information which at the time Mrs. Gaskell believed to be well founded.—We are, dear sir, yours truly,

"NEWTON AND ROBINSON.

"W. Shaen, Esq., Bedford-row, London."

OBITUARY.

M. ALEXANDRE THOMAS, formerly Professor of History in the University of France, and author of "Une Province sous Louis XIV." M. Thomas left France in 1851, and refused to return to that country from a detestation of the humiliation under which he believed her to be suffering. Up to the period of his death he was engaged upon the life of the great Huguenot, Duplessis Mornay.

M. CAUCHY, a celebrated mathematician, died at Paris on the 23rd inst. He was the author of several very valuable mathematical pieces.

Mr. ROBERT BROWN, the son of the poet. At Dumfries, in the 71st year of his age. He is described as being "in point of intellect, no ordinary man."

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